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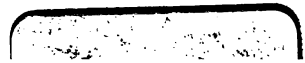
THE THRONE-ROOM
OF THE SOUL

CARL G. DOWEY



THE
THRONE-ROOM OF THE SOUL

A Study
In the Culture of the Spiritual

By

CARL G. DONEY, PH. D.

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To the Memory

of

My Parents

Abram C. and Emily V. Douey

"And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

FOREWORD

THESE synopses of sermons were first printed in a newspaper the day following their delivery. Some persons said they were helpful, and expressed a wish to have them in a better form. They are necessarily much condensed, and this will account for the abruptness of transition and explain the impossibility of a proper relative treatment of the truths having variant values. These studies, however, are intended to be suggestive, allowing the reader the satisfaction of completing the sermon for himself. The title of the first sermon is given to the entire series because of its general, as well as specific, character. It is thought that it includes whatever may be said about the culture of the soul, which is the real theme of the whole work.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Throne-Room of the Soul,	9
Finding Truth,	15
Dangers of a Dominant Ambition,	21
The Man in the Gap,	27
Forces that Heal,	33
The Light of the World,	39
The Strength of Weakness,	45
The Present Tense of the Gospel,	51
Circumstances a Scapegoat,	57
The Riches of Our Poverty,	63
In Patmos for Others,	69
Religious Supply and Demand,	75
Pilate and Pilatism,	81
The Efficient Christian,	87
Good News,	93
The Purpose of Power,	99
Divine Multiplication,	105
High Failure and Low Success,	111
Growth,	117
The Successful Church,	123

PAGE

Christian Iconoclasm, - - - - - 129
Thought and Deed, - - - - - - 135
Unseen Realities, - - - - - - 141
The Curse of Indifference, - - - 147
Worship and Wisdom, - - - - - 153
Heredity and Environment, - - - 159
Courage, True and False, - - - - 165
The Abiding Help, - - - - - 171
Between Two Opinions, - - - - - 177
The Child and the Kingdom, - - - 183
The Pulpit and Public Morals, - - - 189
Work and Its Tests, - - - - - 195
Hedges and Serpents, - - - - - 201
"The Man with the Hoe," - - - 207
The River of Life, - - - - - 213

The Throne-Room of the Soul

"WHOSOEVER will."—Rev. xxii, 17.

"Character is a perfectly educated will."—Novalis.

"The ghastliest wreck of humanity exposed in the morgue is merely the halting metaphor of a murdered soul."—Watkinson.

"The separate actions of the powers of the soul tend to mere disintegration and destruction as soon as it becomes impossible to bring them to bear as one undivided force. When the sovereign abdicates, anarchy begins."—Amiel.

"Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul,
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And, when He comes to call thee, arise, and follow fast:
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last." —Henry VanDyke.

"Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners; so that if we plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry—why, the power and incorrigible authority of this lies in our wills."—Shakespeare.

THE THRONE-ROOM OF THE SOUL

GOD pays His child no finer compliment than when He trusts him with his destiny. There must be something inexpressibly great in man to merit this surpassing confidence. True, God was held by the alternative of making a race of automatons or a race endowed with choice; and He made the latter. It was counted that such a creature was worth all the cost of pain and woe, of evil and despair; worth the cost of Calvary. But God leaves us not alone: a highway of truth is blazed by revelation, sweet voices counsel us to walk thereon, an inner Spirit offers holy motive, and a Savior takes the thrust of an avenging sword. Above, below, around, within us tender help is proffered; but no power may touch with lightest hand the scepter of the soul. There in the throne-room man is master. A thousand ministries from heaven wait his nod; a thousand demons from the pit attend his will.

The will is the judge within the judge, the living decision of the deliberating man. Not sense, or feeling, or reason, however sensitive and cultured,

has the power of choice. "Company, March!" is the command of the will alone. This monarch is not arbitrary: man controls himself not by directly willing to will a certain course of action, but by willing to prepare the preconditions of the will for that action. There is no volitional judgment to give until he has presented and considered evidence. He summons the testimony of his senses, of his feelings, of his reason; by an act of the will he dismisses or attends to what they present. He may heed the voice of sense and reject his reason; he may dwell long upon reason and give no weight to feeling, and the result will be that volition executes a partisan and imperfect judgment. Sense, feeling, and reason should be properly cultured and their deliverances balanced in order to insure a true judgment. The will is still the great controller, for it determines the amount of attention and the degree of intentness which shall be given to the sources of its further motives. Otherwise stated, the will makes its world which is to be the condition of other acts of willing and of other worlds.

If character is the sum of all our choices, there is nothing so supreme as choosing; nor is it hard to see the close relation of the two. What we do, we consent to do; and human nature is such that pride

and self-respect impel us to seek to justify our act. In justifying it, we invite every evidence and reason therefor attainable; on these we dwell and look with favor, and every contradicting thought is dismissed. The act at last assumes the aspect of a virtue, and we freely give it the approval of both heart and mind. It finds a welcome place within us; it is respected and repeated, it becomes a habit; it is ourselves. Truly a man has journeyed far along the road to wisdom who has learned the laws which govern his development and refuses to deceive himself.

The follies, eccentricities, and seeming madness of men are rooted in the will. Instead of being balanced in the normal development of all functions, the man has unduly developed one at the expense of others; and what he is, is colored and controlled by that abnormal faculty. The impulsive person is swayed by the spell of some emotion, and, not stopping to attend to reason or to count the cost, he becomes apostate in the time of trial. He who is diffident is the victim of an imperfect reason which exaggerates inhibiting motives and minifies those which arouse to action. The irresolute is a mental gymnast so intent with balancing truth and falsehood, possibility and impossibility, reward and expense, that he never is ready for the will to cast the die. Every sane and

wholesome function of the mental life must have full right to come before the judge upon his throne, there to command due attention, to have its testimony impartially weighed, and to receive a confirmatory decision of the will. Anything less than this involves a choosing judgment with some portion of essential evidence omitted.

The senses will distinguish pain from pleasure. Let well-trained reason furnish light for guidance; let normal feeling, pure and undefiled, provide sufficient motive; then let the will strike. When that moment comes, volition should call in all reserves, have done with doubts, and once for all decide the question. Mental reservation, the thought of opening the case again, is fatal. Prompt volition, strong and always consistently deciding the same question in the same way, makes men of power. But power is not enough. There is a Bible written in the substance, both of the universe and of mankind, which demands the final farthing of obedience to righteousness. Christ, the unfailing Light, Conscience, the living Spirit of eternal God, must consciously abide within the throne-room of the soul.

Finding Truth

"LORD, I believe. And he worshiped Him."—John ix, 38.

"Unless the people can be kept in total darkness, it is the wisest thing for the advocates of truth to give them full light."—Whately.

"To understand at all what life means, one must begin with Christian belief. And I think knowledge may be sorrow with a man unless he loves."—Mountford.

"True knowledge grows from a living root in a thinking soul; and whatever it may appropriate from without, it takes by living assimiliation into a living organism, not by mere borrowing."—Blackie.

"I had but few companions on the shore;
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they 've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew."
—Thoreau.

FINDING TRUTH

PILATE's great question, "What is truth?" has been the question of the race since time began. The quest for truth explains the striving and study and research; it is the meaning of poetry, art, and music; it interprets the instinct of the child which is always one of brotherhood towards each new experience that offers food in any form for his hungry mind. The world is ordered upon principles of truth; its threads are warp for the texture of the universe, and are the very essence of the permanent. Man's search, therefore, is no more than his endeavor to understand phenomena and to incorporate within experience that which is eternal. Didactically, truth is the agreement of judgment with fact. And man's judgments, the declarations of his reason, are the condition and promise of what he is and does. Practically, truth saves by removing the error which leads astray and destroys.

All truths are significant, but not all have equal value. It is better to know the laws of one's own country than those of a foreign land; better to know

the rules of health than to understand whist. And certainly those are of highest value which press in upon the lasting self, the human soul. The blind man, whose healing John records, found that which was more precious than his sight. A multitude let the same saving truth slip from them. The idly curious offered no proper spirit for its reception; and the Pharisees, conceding the fact of the miracle, lost its import in a selfish quibble over inessentials; and the timidly honest parents clung to the errors of tradition because they feared the opinion of others. Curiosity or prejudice or cowardice unfits a soul for the reception of truth.

Proffered truth must be met by obedience. The blind man went to the pool and washed just because the mysterious Stranger commanded it. Receiving his sight, he became a willing witness of that fact and of the Christ, though to do so meant his excommunication from the synagogue and his forfeiture of every claim to respectability. And finally he bound truth unto truth as it came to him. At first his Healer is only "a man that is called Jesus," then "He is a Prophet," and at last "a man from God." By and by he cries, "Lord, I believe," and he worships Him. Thus to the honest soul truth after truth is revealed and becomes incarnate in the life itself.

Three ways there are of finding truth: tradition, reason, and experience. Tradition gives the verdict of ancestry and companions, unquestioned and unverified by personal investigation. Intellect scrutinizes a proposition and compels it to pass the tests of reason before it is accepted. But the ultimate test is by these two methods and the added evidence of personal experience. Only when life realizes a truth within itself has it secured that anchorage which makes it sure forever. For tradition changes and reason may be overcome by a stronger reason, but a living, personal fact admits of no demurrer. The traditional faith of my childhood has been transformed, reason has often been compelled to yield to keener reason; but truth, tested by my life, incorporated in experience, remains unshaken. It is my life, and life itself must go before that truth can cease to be as vital as my soul.

All truth is one, and every individual truth must find its proper setting in relation to all others. They are not to be kept separate; for if the principle of unity does not correlate experiences, there can be no wisdom, life is chaotic, and the universe is unintelligible. Accumulations of power come only when the products of experience are treasured and made to become, in their totality, the data by which to reach

still deeper judgments and experiences. Furthermore, past experiences are only memories unless they are recognized as manifestations of the principle in which we live and move and have our being. That principle of continuity is none other than God Himself. He underlies every form of activity, is the life of human life; and when man really knows it, every experience gives him added visions of the truth and he becomes strong in the strength of God.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate; and he said, "Behold the Man!" "I am the truth," urged Jesus; and men have found His life nowhere athwart the abiding truth which pervades the universe. To Him each one goes for the interpretation and inspiration of his life. Artisan, farmer, student, merchant, parent, child, all find in Him incarnate the truth for which their highest selves are longing. "In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

Dangers of a Dominant Ambition

"SEEKEST thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—Jer. xlv, 5.

"Love of glory can only create a great hero; contempt of it, a great man."—Talleyrand.

"The persistent aspirations of the human race are to society what the compass is to the ship; it sees not the shore, but it guides to it."—Longfellow.

"He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men hath a great task, but that is ever good for the public; but he that plots to be the only figure amongst cyphers is the decay of a whole age."—Bacon.

"Ambition makes the same mistake concerning power that avarice makes concerning wealth; she begins by accumulating power as a means to happiness, and yet she finishes by continuing to accumulate it as an end."—Colton.

"I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty."—Shakespeare.

Dangers of a Dominant Ambition

The normal man strikes a just balance between excess and deficiency. He does enough, but not too much. Wisely he governs the kingdom within, abstaining from all that is intrinsically harmful and being temperate in things good. Most of his virtues are exposed to the dangers of excess. A too great love may blind to justice, benevolence may become uncalculating giving, hope may delude by visions of the impossible, and prayer may grow into impracticable dependence and sentiment. Ambition, blamed on the one hand and praised on the other, deserves this judgment only as it controls or is controlled by men. An intelligent being should be motived by some main intention. A ruling passion is a large contributor to every success, for it is the secret of simplicity and unity. It compresses interests into a single channel, and energies and watch-care are not divided among many objects. It is the source of joy because much use is the prelude to facility, and that is accompanied by sensations of pleasure.

Ambition, therefore, need not be "a glorious cheat," for though "by it fell the angels," by it men have

risen to be such. It is the wooing influence which leads to endeavor. It has not the necessity of compulsion, but it has the persuasiveness of entrancing vision. It has led the race from barbarism to light; it takes down the hut and erects the mansion, it exchanges the place of barter for a bank, it replaces the footpath by a railway, it makes the gossip of a neighborhood give way to the problems of the world, it waves a wand before ignorance and the teachings of ten thousand schools arise. In the midst of the hard, unworthy, undesired real, it is ambition which paints the unrealized ideal and urges man to translate the unseen into the actual. It is the patient ally of hope, the singer of songs at midnight, the daily manna for the desert.

But the powers which bless may also bring a curse to man. Ambition is a siren's voice which leads to rock and whirlpool, or is an Orpheus-song which guides to undiscovered realms and glories. Under the light of holy truth its object must be chosen for it; it has no wisdom, knows no love or justice. Unguarded, it will make the goal man's self; and self is too small a god for worship. Man must bind himself to the universal, serve and be served by the All-encompassing. Henry Martyn as a student selfishly sought and won a scholar's honors, but his soul cried out in the bitterness of its

disappointment; as a Christian he gave himself to the benighted world, and his soul leaped with the joy of satisfaction. Selfish ambition is never satisfied; it grows by what it feeds upon, and its strength puts to death virtues which man must not lose. The just goal is not self, but service; not yours, but you.

Ambition must be governed in degree as well as kind. Abnormally great, it prevents a balanced growth, taking to itself that strength which other virtues need. Excessive, it tempts to intrigue and dishonesty; it makes the vain person live beyond his means; it overrides the rights of others, thwarts justice and ignores mercy. It prostitutes convictions of duty and seeks promotion upon the ruins of the truth. By the firm hand of man, whose first ambition is to be righteous, all other ambitions are to be ranged in proper place and order. Wise was the artist who upon his canvas painted first the sky in glint and gleam of gold, and then below placed landscape "to match in every hue and tone, until it seemed as though the very shadows were in love with colors copied from above." The main intention when Christ-infused is always guarded. The control of the lower nature is vested only in the highest moral passion. When Ulysses sailed past the sirens, he did so by stopping the ears of his sailors and having himself lashed to the mast. It was a

worthy stratagem, but finer far was that of Orpheus. The songs of the sirens seduced him not because he sang a sweeter song than they; with high, uplifted spirit he poured out his praiseful melody until no other sound intruded. The surest safeguard is a soul so filled with love for right as to be immune from all attacks of wrong.

We learn from Him of Nazareth. Jesus was the most ambitious man the world has ever seen. He would have the race in everlasting fealty and bring mankind into His fold. For this cause came He forth and to this end was born. What singleness of purpose, what conviction, what energy, what firmness, what love, what service! But each found proper place and function, and Jesus was the perfect man. Perfect, because over all and through all was the perfect will, "Not mine, but Thine, O Father!" Yes, let the sky come first. God first and the earth last; then heaven tones the masterpiece and makes man's work a part of God's.

The Man in the Gap

"I SOUGHT for a man among them that should . . . stand in the gap."—Ezekiel xxii, 30.

"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own. . . .
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves."—Shakespeare.

"The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free." —Carlyle.

"There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil that is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease."—George Eliot.

"They (the heroes) derived their purpose and vocation not from the calm, conservative course of affairs, but from a concealed fount, from that inner spirit which, impinging on the surface of the world as on a shell, shivers it to pieces, because it is another and quite foreign force."—Hegel.

THE MAN IN THE GAP

GOD loves man practically. Around every one He throws a wall of blessing and defense. Nature nourishes and heals, instinct writes and executes protective measures, and the activities which supply his common wants crystallize into customs which shield like bulwarks. Nature, instinct, and normal custom heed the worth of human life; and man may trust them. The wall they constitute is not invulnerable, for nature may be misinterpreted, instinct violated, and custom broken. But they are intended as God's servants to provide for, and protect, His children. However, in these hedges God leaves a gap for man himself to close; a wholesome work and duty still remain for him. The simple needs of lower life are well conserved by instinct in strong union with nature. Man's larger life has greater needs and dangers, and his powers of growth require fit schools for his unfolding. Not body alone, as with the beasts, but reason and soul are to be developed; and for this it is essential that he sustain, and be sustained by, others.

Necessary are parents and teachers to a life that seeks full stature for the mind and soul. Much more

are they needed by the one who has lost his normal appetites and powers. And still more needful are they to that one who has so lost his finer self as not to feel his loss at all. It was thus with Israel on a time. From the heart of heathendom, the people had been led by revelation and a guiding God. Greatness crowned them till the walls that shielded fell before the sins they welcomed. Religion, morals, justice, and conscience became but memories, and in unrighteousness they supinely rested. Then Ezekiel spoke in fiery condemnation of their wickedness and called for a man to stand in the gap of their iniquity to shield them from destruction. But no man was found.

This is the eternal truth the prophet preaches: righteousness is a bulwark of defense, and sin is a destroyer of that bulwark. Here also does he preach the mightiness of a single man to save. He thinks of Joseph delivering a nation from famine and saving a remnant to become the chosen seed. He thinks of Moses saving by his intercession and his sacrifice a people from destruction. Turning to the classic page, we read of Archimedes rescuing Syracuse from the hosts of Rome, of Cincinnatus leaving there his plow and hurrying to the saving of a broken people, of Themistocles sagaciously making ready the great fleet which conquered Xerxes at Salamis. Later we

see Cromwell hurling a corrupt king from his throne and purging an unrighteous Parliament, Washington leading his country to its liberty and prosperity, and Gamewell beating back the savage hordes of Chinese Boxers in a foreign compound. No one can tell how much a man can do. He may save a nation or destroy it; rescue a soul to everlasting glory, or lead that soul to an eternal night.

Every man has a call to stand in the gap of some broken wall. And so must a man stand if he is faithful to himself, his fellow, and his God. Heroic service is required to make heroic men. There in the gap fighting sin man girds himself with strange might, puts higher values upon virtue, and learns to love a needy race. There find we always standing the great souls of the centuries. In line of conflict stood our fathers beating back oppression. At a broken wall were Garrison, Stowe, Brown, Lovejoy, and Phillips crying out against the black man's bondage. Here and there are souls in contest with corruption which has burst the hedges of a State or city's safety. Thus they save nations and society—and themselves. What is a man for except to seek and guard the best things? Fronting us are broken places in society, and no one is worthy who does not take his place as a builder there. Child labor, public wrong, unjust riches, di-

vorce, the social evil, and saloon are awful gaps through which are pouring streams of devastation. Here is where worthiest battles are to be fought. And if men are to be positive in accomplishment, if they are wisely to spend themselves for self and others, they will find enlistment in these conflicts.

Sin has a more direct and immediate effect when it breaks the defense of the individual. Here, too, is personal work for self and others. The employer does not cancel all his obligations to his workmen by the pay envelope. The lawyer is not fully faithful to his client if he stops with legal counsel or service in the courts. The physician is not done with a patient when he has restored his body. Every man must help to strengthen the spiritual defense of another. Some one must stand in the gap while the erring repents, prays, reforms, and finds Christ. But the past sin blights and damns until there comes the whiteness of the pardoned soul. What of Eugene Aram who feared the eye of the stars? of Lady Macbeth? of the Magdalene? of you and me? Who will save men from just condemnation and conscience? Can any one stand in the gap there? Christ is the only answer, and He is enough.

Forces that Heal

"WITH His stripes we are healed."—Isa. liii, 5.

"It was a stroke brought the water from the flinty rock."—Smith.

"But unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."—Malachi iv, 2.

"Religion is the human mind standing in reverence before the infinite energy of the universe, asking to be lifted into it,—opening itself to inspiration."—C. E. Luthardt.

"To serve God and to love Him is higher and better than happiness, though it be with wounded feet, and bleeding brow, and a heart loaded with sorrow."—W. R. Greg.

"Let it not be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely greater."—Pascal.

"These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."
—W. C. Bryant.

Forces that Heal

The earth is a patient sufferer in many contests with forces which leave it torn and seamed and furrowed. There have been upheavals marring its surface and cataclysms rending its very center. But scarcely had the violence ceased before nature commenced to repair the wounds. The scarred and gashed hillsides were sown with seeds, and grass and flowers quickly hid the evidences of strife. Erosion compelled the hills to share their heights with valleys; and, like some giant pushing a plane, the process still goes on smoothing the rough places and erasing the marks of injury. The material world shares in that far-off event and consummation which man, vaguely seeing, firmly believes is planned. And those forces which, in effecting wholesome ends, also produce the present, unwelcome change, are seen at last to be the blessed ministers of healing, the harbingers of a richer, better world to live in.

If nature has use for healing powers, much greater is the need for such in the social spheres of erring man. To him God commits a joint control of certain

forces; and not only is man ignorant, but he is willful and sinful. Ignorance and wickedness throw him athwart the plan God purposed for him. He suffers and others share the shadow under which he rests. Like the earth society bears scars and gashes, evidence of forces used not well or wisely. But the powers that curse may also heal. Evil is a product of human energy crossing the will of God; of forces intrusted to the care of man and used in opposition to eternal laws. The mighty enginery of human choice must pay the awful penalty of evil choosing. But man's wounds need not fester and smart forever, the poison sucked from impure springs is not the only food of souls. His sorrows are assuaged and wounds are mollified when his will and work accord with Him who is the primal and the final source of life.

It is a question of the correlation of forces. If the correlation be imperfect, the result will be an evil thing. A wire loosed from its support allows its current to kill the man it touches. Join the wire to carbons, and there is light for home and street. A flame held to the open jet of gas kindles warmth and remands hence from the household frigid temperatures of winter. Withhold the flame and an unseen power smites to unconsciousness and death. Everything has a right and best relation with every

other thing, and when that is consummated there is a kindly conspiracy to produce full stores of highest blessings. Energy used aright means health for the individual and society.

There is a contagion of health. A good man is a healing influence. His own life moves along the way of righteousness and, touching others, leads them into kindred paths. Place a noble soul in a wicked home, and wise faithfulness plus high endeavor will swing the family into line with holy purposes. In a school he makes the dawdler earnest, the sordid pure, the craven honorable. In business he shames the mean and low and selfish by his own highmindedness and honor. As a citizen he leads discordant elements to just and generous endeavor. Aristides lifted all of Athens to a truer life through his own unspotted worth. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and a holy man is leaven in the social meal.

There are men who have this power, and yet they barely know six letters in the alphabet of righteousness. What shall be said of Him who is the Teacher and incarnation of all righteousness? We see Him there in converse with a company of obscure, unlettered men. They might die, and few would miss them for a day. He asks them for their energies,

their lives; and, taking them, He tunes them to a concord with His own. Their seeming weakness turned to proper channels has been a strength that changed aright the onward course of empires. Twelve lives at first surrendered to the plan of God; to-day four hundred millions sweep into the current that flows towards the throne, and men and nations are reckoned great in the measure of their goodness.

The same Healer of the ages offers Himself to-day. To the man in business with a life all stained by sin, with a life he hates, with principles he loathes; to him He comes asking to set him right with God. To the student in the school, squandering his powers, frittering away sacred time, sowing an evil harvest; to him He comes to place his life in tune with the infinite. To the woman in society, weary with endless nothings, vapid, tired, shamming; to her He comes to make her earnest, useful, noble. To all He offers Himself with healing gifts for every woe.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

"I AM the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John viii, 12.

"The light of the law shone only on the Jews; but this Light spread itself wider, even over all the world." —Lightfoot.

"As nothing is like the sun except through solar influence, so nothing can resemble the First Good except by an emanation of his divine light into the soul."—Plato.

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy the bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun."
—Milton.

"The way is dark, my Father. Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom lead safely home Thy child."
—H. M. Cobb.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

THE daily sunrise is a perpetual miracle. A world, sleeping in darkness, is touched by a wand which calls forth a million activities which before were dormant. The birds sing, domestic animals follow their simple round, and man is quickened after rest and quiet. Yet more wonderful is the miracle wrought within when the Divine Day-spring breaks upon a human soul: a world of slumbering spiritual powers is vivified and man sweeps another music from the harp of life. When fifteen years of age, George Whitefield, benighted bartender in his mother's alehouse, read the "Imitation of Christ" and found a strange light stealing in upon him. It revealed the darkness of his nature and, recoiling from it, he welcomed the life that was light. Myriad souls repeat this miracle of grace, and no merely human word can make its reason clear. It is the sunrise and the day's full glare upon man's soul of Him who is the world's eternal light.

False lights have risen, full of promise to a yearning race that vaguely feels the darkness of its moral

state. Teachers and systems that no man can number have appeared and gone the way of failure. Light that vivifies the soul must come from beyond a horizon marked by time, and there is but one that streams from the eternities. It is full, not partial, and never is eclipsed. No long-existing faith is wholly void of truth, but the religions of the East and their degenerate Western copies may not therefore justly keep a thousand follies to preserve a single truth. Friends and honest critics find no fault with Jesus, and the light He gives has no mixed rays. He is a revealing light, searching and trying the hearts of men and declaring unto them their own real state. Did He no more than show the lost estate of men, we would be of all creatures most miserable. For there is no sorrow like that of a lost soul which thinks there is no help or hope.

But Jesus as the light has power to banish all the darkness He reveals. Physical light is energy used in a particular way; mental illumination is likewise energy employed in a certain manner; and spiritual light is energy directed and controlled by Christ for the cleansing of the spirit. He transforms the forces now working themselves out in man as evil into means of goodness. His joys guide our joys into safe and wholesome channels, His confidence becomes

our strength, His hope kindles the same stars for us who follow, and He shares with us the object of His faith. His Spirit as indwelling Guide to truth reveals the proper purpose of man's power, opens fountains of sustaining courage, and binds him into oneness with Divinity. To every traveler He offers Himself as having tasted all experiences, journeyed on all roads, and come safe home at eventide.

That any should refuse this light appears unthinkable until we learn the secrets hidden in our hearts. Bishop Fowler says that a ray of light flashed into a rat-hole spoils it for rat purposes. A rat colony would never favor electric lights. Men reject the light because their ways are shameful. Christ's light would destroy some occupations entirely, revise the policy of many corporations, make public franchises worth something to the public, and cause all officials to be satisfied with lawful salaries. It would regenerate domestic life and make courtship last till death. It would clarify the soul and bring to every man unshamed self-respect. Christ's humility rebukes men's pride, His holy character smites their sinfulness, His spirituality condemns their formalism, His benevolence convicts their selfishness, and His love overcomes their lovelessness. The doers of evil deeds are not friendly to such light.

Three weeks after the body of David Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, a sermon was preached from this strange text: "As they were burying a man, behold, they spied a band of men; and they cast the man into the sepulcher of Elisha; and when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha he revived, and stood upon his feet." There lay the body of the missionary; yonder, buried in Africa, was his heart. Men, white and black, by hundreds have been vivified by the wan and wasted hero and made to serve in healing the open sore in that Dark Continent. But faith in Jesus was the vital artery of Livingstone, and those he saved and those he inspired were simply sent to find the source of his own life-giving fountain. It is life touching life, a law that holds. Let dormant man but realize the life of Jesus, and he rises from a moral deadness into the triumph of spiritual illumination and power divine.

The Strength of Weakness

"He was moved with compassion on them."—Matt. ix, 36.

"The highest in God's esteem are meanest in their own."—T. à Kempis.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Phil. iv, 13.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."
—James Shirley.

"Thank God for His method of taking bonds of wealth and culture to share all their blessings with the humblest soul He gives to their keeping!"—Wendell Phillips.

"The mild way of sweet entreaties is very forcible; it prevails like the sunbeams, which without any noise makes the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering of the wind could not do, but rather make him gather it closer and bind it faster about him."—Archbishop Leighton.

"Founded by humility on the Rock of Christ the storms of the world shall not shake thee, . . . thou mayest build day by day that tower whose top shall reach unto heaven, to the very presence of God, the sight of God, and shalt be able to finish it; for He shall raise thee thither who for thy sake abased Himself to us."—Pusey.

THE STRENGTH OF WEAKNESS

THE touch of a child's hand released the imprisoned forces that destroyed Hell Gate. The initial pressure of an ounce sent forth the spark which hurled from its bed the commerce-impeding rock in New York Harbor. The sore distress of sick and wounded soldiers in Crimea took from English homes two gentlewomen whose tender love for suffering weakness was an universal call to woman's helpfulness; and the Red Cross is the response that now appears in power on battle-fields and scenes of sorrow. The day begins as a first ray; and the gianthood of human strength commences as a flash of thought which holds one man, and by and by enchains the race in solemn fealty. Truth has its inceptions; and the simple learning of a little child may overcome a kingdom which violence has failed to master. There have been times when one has chased a thousand. Power is measured by principles; and one man, representing truth, will see his hope full-born in victory.

Every motive roots in selfishness or in self-denial. In the dawning of the days, might was the only savior

of the individual. When nature was cruel and man had not learned to be kind, strength saved from betrayal and destruction. But strength did not save from greater strength or shield man from himself. Time showed him this and Law appeared with an arm which clutched and smote. In time's fullness came another Savior with the word of love, declaring that one must save his life by losing it. Savageness may yield to law, but over against Sinai is a Calvary; and the commandments are intended to lead to a free consent to the Beatitudes. One's removal from barbarity is measured by his distance from compulsory obedience to the right. No one has left the realms of outer bondage and entered freedom until he has become voluntarily faithful to the good and true.

There is much that mere strength can not do. It can thrust men into prisons, but they will still sing songs at midnight; it can kill the bodies, but their souls will yet march on; it can threaten and impede, but the human spirit will be unsubdued. No man is conquered while he is not won, and winsome benignity belongs less to power than to weakness. The recantation which scourging could not wring from the martyr was effected by the broken cry of his suffering child. The bayonet can enlist an army of conscripts, but it is the silent eloquence of the flag

that enrolls the truly patriotic. Force writes her victories in the sand, but love records them on the heart, where neither life nor death effaces them.

The heart of the race is tender in the presence of the weak. When Mrs. Browning wrote "The Cry of the Children" the Christian world heard, understood, and answered. It was the voice of weakness, the call of insulted, aggrieved humanity. In its helplessness, defrauded childhood smote ancient custom and law; it overmastered the wealth of factory lords and set at liberty those that were in bonds. In the Southland to-day a faint cry is heard from the children of the cotton mills. It is being wafted over plain and mountain, across seas and continents, and the remotest dweller in Christendom is hearing. If the mill owners read the past, if they understand the hearts of men, they will know that the weakness of a child is mightier than the strength of kings and that innocence must be delivered from its thralldom. "The child's sob in the silence curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath."

One must know that weakness without justice is void of hope or claim. That weakness which ascends the throne must carry in its heart the everlasting right. Then is its cause ever pleaded by the better

consciousness of men and its tireless advocate is the God within. Fill one with that conviction and earth has no foe that can defeat him. This was the courage of John Knox which caused him never to fear the face of man. And it was because men instinctively felt this that Cecil was enabled to say of him that his voice thrilled men with a greater heroism than the united blasts of five hundred bugles. Thrice weakened is he whose quarrel is wrong; the march of destiny passes over him. For this is God's world and a little child plus God is mightier than all who can oppose. The righteousness of God has interwoven with this world to give to goodness the balance of power. The scale may hesitate and long tremble, but when it stops it will record a righteous judgment. Mere strength is therefore little sign of right, and weakness indicates no penalty for wrong. God's creation is a lifting creation, and every hindered life claims omnipotence for its helpful ally.

The Present Tense of the Gospel

"BEHOLD, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi, 2.

"True obedience hath no lead at its heels."—T. Adams.

"On the verge of a decision we all tremble; hope pauses with fluttering wings."—George Eliot.

"Obedience is freedom when we have learned to love the lips that command. We are set free that we may serve."—Beecher.

"Early life is the time to seek wisdom. Our moral metal is fluid in youth, and we can be run into any mold; in age it becomes hard as the granite or the steel. It must be sought to be obtained, and the sooner in life the better."—D. Thomas.

"'Follow me!' the publican 'rose up.' This implies immedite action. It was now or never with him. So you must act with prompt obedience. He did the first thing Jesus bade him do. Are you willing to do as much? If not, you are deciding against Christ, and that means death."—Cuyler.

The Present Tense of the Gospel

The Bible insists upon the responsibility of the individual and emphasizes the importance of right decision. It may seem unjust to allow the event of a moment to determine destiny, but it does. A night of drunken murder puts a man to prison for life, a casual meeting gives one his wife, the in-striking of a thought sends another from ease to service, and the choice of an instant guides the current of a soul for eternity. It is necessary that every minute should be winged with destiny, else man would be a foolish trifler unable to treat with due consideration and schooled judgment any of his interests. He is forced to train himself to estimate relative values, to learn to see the unseen and to discern the true worth of what is tangible. If he can treasure only visible goods, his soul is robbed and he carries with him forever the awful sorrow of an inner nature wronged and starved and doomed.

To decide for God is not to be unnatural. The soul cries for God as children, stricken and lost, seek their parents. Fatherhood and sonship must

complete themselves in a conscious relationship of authority on the one hand, and of obedience on the other. Childhood is the proper time for perfecting that union. Then life is an empty vessel, habits are being formed, the mind is freed from preoccupation and unfriendly preferences do not preclude unbiased judgments. Leisure is another period when man is invited to right himself with God. The intense demands of school and business make it hard to swing the current of thought to spiritual concerns. Severe illness or bereavement, however, push school and business into comparative insignificance and lift before man's face the tremendous realities of the spirit. Times of revival likewise make it easier to enter the Christian life. There is a contagion both of thought and of example. When others are thinking and speaking of religious interests a man must either consciously resist or be fully moved by the calls upon his better nature.

To pass through these appeals and times of easy access to God unchristianized a man must harden his heart. No man can deliberately murder his soul; he will seek to justify himself by specious reasoning and promises of future obedience. He will find excuses for shunning the Church and avoiding Christian friends. Willfully he will thrust aside appealing and

convicting thought, and refuse the time for meditation. At last his is the tragedy of the hardened heart, insensitive and irresponsive, a creature of the clay. A man of seventy said: "Do not talk to me of God, whom I once knew. I refuse to dwell upon the thought. I have crushed Him out of my life. I am undone; my heart is as senseless as steel." There is a way which a man may make appear right to himself, but its end is death. Therefore let no man say that God has destroyed his soul.

The verdict of the aged is that the Christian life is satisfying. Certainly it involves sacrifices, but only a blinded wisdom retains the lower pleasures of the senses instead of entering the spheres of spiritual experience. Peace of soul is not a mere sentiment, and the lashings of an offended conscience is an awful fact. Self-respect a man must have, or all his days are troubled by the pleadings of his nobler self. No judge is quite so stern as that within the breast. It makes us cowards; forces restitution, penance; scourges till the soul can face itself and God. A college president said to a student, "I know everything you have been doing for the past month." "In that case," was the reply, "I see the necessity for bidding you goodbye;" and the judge within him pronounced and executed his own sentence of expulsion. But God does

not visit man simply when he is in trouble; His voice of guidance and comfort speaks continually to those who will hear. They must either refuse to hear or cease to sin. The Christian life is a peace-maker in the tribunals of the soul, and that alone is worth its cost.

The promise to get right with God when life's shadows fall is a vow almost impossible to perform. Of all Christians, ninety per cent became such under twenty years of age. Habits of thought and of body bind men as by chains. They seldom desire, and not often have the power, to break them. The waiting for a more convenient season is a waiting for time to bring back what has already passed A privilege refused is a weakness welcomed; a call unheeded to-day is a voice not so clear to-morrow; and life scorned is death admitted. Duty has one tense, and it is the present; the Gospel has one time, and it is now.

Circumstances a Scapegoat

"I CAST it into the fire, and there came out this calf."—Ex. xxxii, 24.

"Artifice is always dangerous, and almost inevitably disgraceful."—La Bruyere.

"We never do evil so effectually as when we are led to do it by a false principle of conscience."—Pascal.

"The devil tempts us not . . . till we tempt him, beckoning his skill with opportunity."—George Eliot.

"Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."—Dickens.

"Every man is conscious of a power to determine in things which he conceives to depend upon his determination."—Reid.

"Man was meant to be, not the slave, but the master of circumstances, and in proportion as he recovers his humanity . . . which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty, to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances, and wield them at his will."—Kingsley.

Circumstances a Scapegoat

It is very easy for sympathy to be ill-advised and to lend itself to harmful judgments. No heart should refuse compassion and real help to the wayward, but these should not be at the price of truth. Pity for the wicked, by minifying sin and trying to paint it white, yields no healing influence. Seeking to justify ourselves, we have made circumstances a shibboleth by which to exorcise the bane of criminality, and fellow-feeling makes it an excuse for evil-doing. We call on science to show that drunkenness is a disease, theft is a form of insanity, temper is hereditary, and sensuality is animal exuberance. The low-browed criminal becomes simply a decadent, and the vicious aristocrat is the victim of impoverished blood. Therefore law should tear down its prisons and erect hospitals, should have physicians instead of sheriffs, and drugstores in place of penitentiaries.

We betray the finest functions of man's nature when the evil-doer is absolved by the plea that circumstances ever have the force of absolute compulsion. Circumstances do have influence, but man is not a puppet to obey the pull of strings. He is man

for the very purpose of mastering circumstances. He has endowments greater than the beasts in order to fight a greater battle and achieve a higher victory. Too many white lives have reared themselves amid surroundings inky as summer storm clouds to permit an unchallenged judgment that man is the helpless creature of conditions. He is a creator. If he be influenced by conditions he yet has much to do with making and choosing those conditions. He need not blindly reach out his hand, for he has knowledge; history, experience, conscience lift lights of warning and direction over his path. There are open law books for him and law has no favorites. He will reap the harvest of his sowing; but he may choose the seed, provide the culture, and thus insure the fruitage which he wants.

No man sins who is not tempted, and to exonerate him because of his temptation would be to take from sin its elements of guilt. Virtue is not a neutral goodness; it is an oak lashed by the fury of a hundred storms, which gains its very worth because it aggregates the fruits of many victories. Character belongs to him with brows of brass and lips of steel, whose face is fixed toward the prize of a high calling. It is a product, not of chance, but of wisely chosen and determined principles. The man

who is seduced by circumstances one time did not fight, and his life has been fashioned by a series of weak yieldings.

Temptation does not long prolong the contest with a man who has not near at hand the signals of surrender. The seducing hand seeks out the palm of him who shows some willingness to go astray. The outer life reflects the inner; and if man welcomes thoughts that picture sin's reward, the moral self, honeycombed by weakness and corruption, gives invitation to the enemy. Such men are guided to their kind as filings find the magnet. They have tuned their souls to catch the rhythm of the vile; they have no concord with the melodies of truth. Thought is forever married to its incarnation; it will work itself out through hand and tongue. If man is ever lord his kingdom is the soul, and sin has its birth within that inner chamber whose key is in his keeping. "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed. Then the lust when it hath conceived beareth sin; and the sin when it is full-grown bringeth forth death." Never a greater history and more awful, written in words so few.

Perjured are the witnesses, and corrupt the court which pronounces judgment of conviction on ma-

terial things which men compel to serve them in ignoble use. Circumstances refuse to carry sin as a scapegoat to the wilderness and lose it. For the laborer or others overwrought to "even up by getting drunk on Sunday" is a sin which neither dullness nor debility can excuse or squeamish sentiment absolve. Penalty is sure, and to seek exemption under guise of well-turned phrase or juggled science is to be as witless as the tradesman covering the face of his patron saint while he drove a wicked bargain. To sin is to violate the plan of God, and the man so doing is consenting to it. There is mercy, but it does not absolve. There is pity, but it does not vindicate. It is a healing mercy cleansing deeds by clarifying sources; it is a loving pity offering strength for better life to-morrow. God pardons, but never condones; He pardons those who will receive His grace and be no more rebellious.

THE RICHES OF OUR POVERTY

"HATH not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?"—James ii, 5.

"Sacrifice is the first element of religion, and resolves itself, in theological language, into the love of God."—Froude.

"Taking the first footstep with the good thought, the second with the good word, the third with the good deed, I entered paradise. . . . All good flows out from the Deity, and all must be absorbed in Him again."—Zoroaster.

"When God has once given us to know Himself, this greatest of all gifts He gives forever. . . . If we have ever once really trusted the Supreme Goodness, that will always remain in the depths of the soul, a seed of hope and love. . . . That which brought the prodigal son back to his father was the remembrance of his father's liberality."—J. F. Clarke.

"When I stand before the throne
Clad in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe!"
—McCheyne.

THE RICHES OF OUR POVERTY

MAN never sought money more earnestly than he does now. For it he spends his finest energies and toils unceasingly. It never before had so great a purchasing power; it exacts tribute from the ends of the earth and a myriad ministries wait its word. But money was never less valued for itself. Its power to serve and mankind's need of service are so great that benefaction crowds on benefaction; and he who dies rich, forgetting charity, is pitied for his shame. Likewise we are seeing more and more clearly that the best things are beyond the reach of money. God makes free gift of light and air and water; we plant and till, but He gives the increase; we seek and find, but what we find He placed there for our finding. Love has a thousand jewels and the soul a mine of treasure which give themselves to none but those who grant the same.

Money can not parallel the wealth of home. From the old-time fireside steals a subtle power that still transfigures. The prayer, the love, the holy counsel still whisper back the pain and loss, the sorrow and

discouragement. Neither will education permit a rating by material standards. The vicarious toil of others, making possible the transcendent blessings of a cultured mind, has a sacredness all its own. Pioneers have plunged into wilderness and famished over desert seeking truth. Finding it, they have placed it in the garners of the ages whose open doors solicit all to come and take. The freedom of our native land cost Hastings, Naseby, Yorktown, Gettysburg, and Santiago. It represents the sacrifice of soldier, statesman, farmer, teacher, mechanic, preacher—of every lover of his kind. It is the blood of centuries crystallized.

Here also God gives the increase. Take from the home His sweet influence, and it is only a place roofed over and walled in. Let man no more possess the native power to apprehend the truth, destroy his inborn axioms, and education has no meaning. Take from him the natural pulse-beat of his soul for freedom, and he is a man without a country and, more tragic, he cares for none. Still greater is the wealth and greater still the debt of every Christian. Sin is a fact, the curse of which all feel. Sin pardoned and the sinner freed, hope blazing and faith binding him to God are other facts whose graciousness the Christian knows. For these treasures money can not pay.

A Man once stood upon the earth who gave them freely to His brethren. And if you would know why your home is different from a Chinese home, I need but mention that Man's name—Jesus! If your education is not the African's education; if your country is not the Moslem's country, if you yourself are not the bond-slave of a Brahmin's superstition that self-same name explains it all. What wealth is ours, and yet what poverty! For if we seek to make return from the material riches we have gathered, we shall put our fingers to our lips and cry, "Unprofitable servants!" Still God seeks some satisfaction for what He gives; He asks consent to add still further blessings. Loving obedience He claims, that He may show how life's uplifting comes through recognition of higher ties than those earth-born. For he is happy who belongs to some one holier than himself, and he is mighty when his obligations rest on truth and love. God gives His treasures that man may be constrained to give himself. God accepts him that He may make him strong and joyous in the life that hides itself within the Father's life.

This does not mean that the Christian shall be idly acquiescent, a man of dreams and unused sentiment. Increase of strength forever opens greater privilege, and privilege unaccepted reacts to stifle and

destroy the waiting strength. The reception of a truth must carry with it an assent to its legitimate implications. Allegiance has a vaster purport than good wishes and fine words. A Christian's life means Christ's life, and Christ's life signifies unswerving service. Service is the law of life; and fellowship with Jesus infinitely extends its field and multiplies its zeal. He has missed the full glory whose soul has not caught that passion which makes him willing to leap into the world and die to rescue it. The idle Christian is anomalous, for love repressed is love that dies. God seeks first the man within the man; and when the divine mounts to its full divinity all things become ministers to His cause. This is the wealth that God extracts from the crude ores we have to offer Him. Money, time, and talent will be as messengers going on the errands of a loving heart. First things come first. Then other things come in their order—but be it ours to see to it that they come!

In Patmos for Others

"I, JOHN, . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."—Rev. i, 9.

"For all was as I say, and now the man
Lies as he lay once, breast to breast with God."
—Browning.

"The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner can not find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature."—Frederika Bremen.

"It is one of our nobler human instincts that we can not feel within us the glory and power of a real conviction, without earnestly striving to make that conviction pass into other minds."—George H. Lewes.

"If I live yet, it is for good, more love
Through me to men: be nought but ashes here
That kept awhile my semblance, who was John,—
Still when they scatter, there is left on earth
No one alive who knew (consider this!)
. . . Saw with his eyes and handled with his hands,
That which was from the first, the Word of life.
How will it be when none more saith, 'I saw?'
Such ever was love's way; to rise it stoops.
Since I whom Christ's mouth taught, was bidden teach,
I went for many years about the world,
Saying, 'It was so; so I heard and saw,'
Speaking as the case asked: and men believed."
—Browning.

In Patmos for Others

Spirit is more than substance, events dignify places, men glorify times. One can not think of Concord without recalling Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau; without remembering the scene of the fired-shot heard round the world. St. Helena is only a name; but it gives you the end of a chain whose links are Waterloo, Elba, Moscow, Jena, the Bastille, and Corsica. Calvary is a hill of stone, but to descend it you pass Gethsemane, Galilee, Nazareth, and Bethlehem. Patmos is a rock, beaten on all sides by the salt sea; but there John saw and heard enough to make the world start back and wonder during centuries. Sent there "for the Word of God," he was an exiled prisoner; but he says nothing of bondage. Patmos, barren and alone, but there a strange man was in the spirit and the name is forever joined to a transcendent glory.

Man is a child of passion. He pursues the far-off harvest of hope with the fixed gaze of the ancient mariner's glassy eye. Time and place are his creations; they must obey him. The awful fire within

him is a consuming flame to compel achievement. The vision beautiful which lifts before him is the strong arm of sustaining gianthood. It chains fear and remands to its own place baffling discouragement. Love weaves her magic spell and clothes man in the mantle of the mighty. Thus set apart, he is armed with the forces of the genii. He becomes pioneer; and no wilderness so dense that he will not fell, no beast so fierce that he can not tame, no desert so harsh that he will not cause to bloom, no life so desolate that he may not cheer. He becomes a brother with the mother-heart; and no door-yard is too barren to receive his vine, no cheek too pale to take the roses of his planting, no one too lowly to share the goodness of his strength. With clenched hand and lip firm-set, he goes out listening to a strange song within his soul. He is sustained from above and within, and his helpers never leave him alone.

This tells why men are able to endure prisons, there to be in the spirit, hear great voices and sing praises at midnight. The overmastering passion of love for another gave wings to Pythias that he might return to save the pledged life of Damon. Dante, rejected by the country which he sought to bless, is guided by his angel, Beatrice, to look upon the perfect heaven set apart for righteous men. Milton, in the

prison of his sightless eyes, was conscious of transcendent revelations. Behind stern walls Bunyan was visited by a transforming presence; and, doing men a sacred service, he claims the glory of true servitude. Love took scores of the choicest women of America and sent them to hospital and soldier camp, and the dreariest spots became holy ground. For where a deed is done for love the splendor of the Lord is seen and the image of Jehovah flames within the soul.

What makes a prison lies within man's own being. Ministers realize this as they go about their pastoral work. Some homes they find, with no more than the meager comforts of life; the floors are bare, the walls are stained by time, the rooms are few and small, but they are not prisons. Husband and wife are king and queen over the little realm of home, and children are the loved and loving subjects of two great hearts. The cherub which God sent to found the household still guards over the threshold, warning off the sins which seek to sow the seeds of discord. Other homes where there is plenty and to spare, adorned and gladdened to the outward eye, are yet real prisons to the ones who there abide. King and queen have lain aside their scepter, children are unwelcome, and the lusts which war have gained

the victory. In one, a Patmos for love's sake, truth has enfranchised all; in the other, a Patmos for the testimony of unfaithfulness, evil passion has made the place a rock-strewn barren. Those who sacrifice for love in blackest dungeons find a path that leads upward to the stars.

A sacrificing love grows not in every soil, it can not root itself in man's mere will to love. Evolution pays high tribute to environment, and circumstances do weigh heavy in the scale of living. A higher race of men might come from better circumstances, and he serves well who seeks to bring such things to pass. But things material will not generate a sacrificing love; they have no motor springs that touch the inmost soul. He who gives himself for others must take his life from Him who gave Himself and offers grace as motive for a love that counts no cost too great. God will compel the world to learn that the kingdom is within.

Religious Supply and Demand

"SEND men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter."—Acts x, 5.

"Behold three men seek thee. Arise therefore . . . and go with them."—Acts x, 19, 20.

"For one soul working in the strength of love
Is mightier than ten thousand to atone."
—Sophocles.

"The good man loves all men. He loves to speak of the good of others. All within the four seas are his brothers. . . . The mean man sows that himself or his friends may reap; but the love of the perfect man is universal."—Confucius.

"Since by your greatness you
Are nearer heaven in place, be nearer it
In goodness. Rich men should transcend the poor,
As clouds the earth; raised by the comfort of
The sun, to waters dry and barren grounds."
—Tourneive.

"The Church must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircase and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer; she must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operator, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant."—Bishop Simpson.

Religious Supply and Demand

The race has forever rested under the inviolable law of the ground. In the sweat of his face, man must gather his own manna. When he had progressed to the division of labor, immediately was decreed the necessary law of distribution; he produced much of some things, nothing of others, and a system of exchange arose. It is even so that religious activity has its essential meaning. A Christian acquires and distributes, gets and gives, spiritual things. From the soul of God he takes a spiritual livelihood; and, sharing it with others, he receives from men that which God will not give forthwith. Commerce with other souls affords a spiritual exercise, a sympathy, a love, a growth and understanding which are denied to him who acquires and seeks to keep. In concrete form God translates this principle in the story of Peter and Cornelius.

Cornelius, the Roman soldier at Cæsarea, had somewhere learned of Judaism, and a living God at last displaced the man-made gods of Rome. He became moral, benevolent, even prayerful; and his soul grew

hungry for a fuller knowledge of the Hebrew's God. A vision fell upon him as he prayed and a voice directed him to Peter. At Joppa, thirty miles away, Peter was undergoing preparation. He had come to heal Dorcas; and so well had he already learned the lesson of love that he lodged with Simon, whose occupation as a tanner made him vile and outcast to the Jews. But Peter's heart was not great enough to love a Gentile until, in a vision, he saw that God was no respecter of persons. And even as he tried to comprehend the full meaning of the mighty truth, messengers from Cornelius stood before his door. Here God was giving Peter wonderful lessons concerning the extent of the gospel; there He was working in Cornelius a mighty hunger for that gospel. When Peter and Cornelius met, the supply of the one and the demand of the other also met.

Every man should be a receiver and a transmitter of the good and true. Nor is God so poor an economist as not to prepare His workmen and provide a plan; to each are given fitness and an opportunity. After the record has been written it is not difficult to see the unconscious preparation taking place in Moses, David, Luther, Wesley, Lincoln, and the serving saints of righteousness; nor is it difficult to see the preparation of hunger in the race for just such

gifts as God placed in the keeping of His dispensing trustees. God gave them visions of the world's sad need and placed supplies at their command. Every man has his work. The rich have the poor, the learned have the ignorant, the enlightened have the superstitious, and the pardoned have the sinful. They are poles of a magnet that can not be broken. Heaven has given the weak a mortgage on the strong, and great endowments are morally conditioned by unstinted service. So ingrained is the everlasting word that a Peter who refuses help to a Cornelius shall find himself at last unblessed and poor.

The age-long tendency widely to divide men into classes has its rootings in the acquisition of power. Selfishness is the centrifugal force which throws men from the unifying center. But if power be regarded as a basis of the highest obligation, artificial barriers in society will fall down. And this is the gospel which the race is needing. A portion have acquired, and some are forgetting that their greatest joy and duty can be found in granting help to that other portion who are still in want. It is a solemn thing to be in need; it means a searching and a yearning, a life impeded and foreshortened. More solemn is it to possess a blessing; that means responsibility and indebtedness, that means temptation to enjoy alone

and turn deaf ears to messengers who knock, seeking help. It means a famine spot on earth in sight of men whose barns give place to those of larger size for greater harvests. God's plan contemplates no waste or famine; supply and want should meet, and blessed is the man who takes his plan from God.

Endowment must refer to others and not alone to self. Man lives in the midst of men, and what he spends among them, not what he keeps, enriches him. Time, talent, and money are to be used in a social world if at all, and he who does not take his gifts in view of fellow-man will have to learn the lesson of his mutuality ere he can use his means aright. The race is far too needy to suffer idle capital. And the world has seen a vision; it knows that somewhere there is bread in plenty and to spare. The Church has seen a vision; it knows that every man is son of God and none is loved beyond another. The one has knocked at the door of the other, and the Church is hearing. It is on the way to Cæsarea now. Peter and Cornelius will meet and, seeing eye to eye, will find that God has blessed them both with greater riches than they even dared to seek.

PILATE AND PILATISM

"He delivered Him to be crucified."—Matt. xxvii, 26.

"He knew that for envy they had delivered Him."—Matt. xxvii, 18.

"Whosoever sins against light kisses the lips of a blazing cannon."—Jeremy Taylor.

"When any duty is to be done, it is fortunate for you if you feel like doing it; but if you do not feel like doing it, that is no reason for not doing it."—Gladden.

"Duty reaches down the ages in its effects, and into eternity; and when the man goes about it resolutely, it seems to me now as though his footsteps were echoing beyond the stars, though only heard faintly in the atmosphere of this world."—William Mountford.

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."
—Shakespeare.

PILATE AND PILATISM

HISTORY tells us that Pilate, the Roman, is dead; that the judge who released the Savior to a crucifying mob fell from his high estate and took his life. But no history has been false enough to say that Pilatism is dead. We meet it too often; we fight it in our own hearts and see it in others,—the unjust and cowardly judgment, for that is what Pilatism is. Pilate of old, like the modern Pilate, was skilled enough to understand the case before him. He knew that self-interest of a mean and cruel sort prompted the persecution. He saw that religion and patriotism were as foreign to the persecutors as they were to him. Conscience and the dream of his wife aroused him; he was convinced, but he was selfish and a coward. He had no shadow of the heroic in him. He did the deed and then disowned it: "I am innocent." Worse than that, he casts the blame on others: "See ye to it."

The man chosen to represent the majesty of law, to defend the wronged and protect the innocent, deliberately became the tool of the mob. And in these

particulars there are some modern officials that could give lessons to Pontius Pilate. The same contempt for oath and public weal is still found in the seats of the mighty. False executives and craven judges know what motived Pilate, for they themselves are touched by the same springs of evil doing. Right comes before them, asking to be protected while the high priests of crime cry out against it, "Liberty, our personal liberty, has been violated. These that turn the world upside down will not allow us to do as we please." The authorities remember who voted for them, and any injury to their honor is healed by the jingle of the guinea. They argue, "Right must be protected, but we can know the right only as it is interpreted by the people. People, whom shall we release unto you, crime or order? Barabbas or Christ?" They cry, "Barabbas."

The rulers deliberate, and as they wait there comes the warning of a vision. Children with stunted bodies and faces white-guttered where tears flow down stained cheeks; women who are crushed, drunken, debauched; ribald men, stealing, defaulting, gambling, seducing—these pass before them. Over the picture in letters of blood they see written, "Woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." They hesitate; a whisper is heard, "Remember next election, think

of your bank account." The whisper blots the vision, right is crucified, and wrong enthroned. Not content with being knaves, these Pilates add to crime a silly sophistry. In water the Roman thought to lose his guilt. To-day the sin is justified: "We could not do otherwise; the jury would not convict, subordinates would not act, it is too costly. We are innocent; see ye to it." Deaf to the protests of the best men and women, they smite religion, education, home, and country and still they ask to be looked upon as decent men and patriots.

Rulers are needed who are not bound by pre-election promises, whose convictions are discoverable before they are chosen to rule, who can not be intimidated, cajoled, or bribed. There is one standard of right holding the public man as it holds the man in private life. It admits of no appeal, and there is no demurrer to it. That standard is not too high; it is attained by those whose future is not fettered by evil custom and companionship, by those who plainly tell themselves that if they sin it is because they wish to do so, by those who have a rule of life not founded on caprice or circumstance. No man is safe who has not come thus far, no government is safe whose rulers are chosen from the lineage of Pontius Pilate.

What we say of Pilate, we need ofttimes to say of self. Every man is ruler of an inner realm. There abide subjects, good and bad; and a war is waged among them. High motives and holy passions are met by the ambitions and wishes of the mob. The cross is not past history; it is an ever-present need, and on it must be hung the Christ-in-man or the Barabbas-in-man. There is no other alternative, and this is the great assize. Man himself is judge, and is the twelve who sit within the jury-box. Heaven pleads his better self and hell cries for enthronement of the base. There is no change of venue, and no other judge can try the case. The judgment immediately begins to execute itself, and the result is destiny. On the last great day the highest court convenes, and it can no more than reaffirm the judgment which the man himself pronounced when he was judge. The issue is too great to let the spirit of the mob decide. Truth as it is in Christ should ever be with man within the throne-room of his soul.

The Efficient Christian

"I AM made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."—1 Cor. ix, 22.

"Unconscious quality is far more influential than voluntary inventions and organizations."—Beecher.

"One of the peculiar excellencies of Christianity is this, that it takes what is good, or what is existing in human life by necessity, and raises it into religion. It adopts certain natural sentiments, and puts them into their right place in the system of truth."—Alexander Raleigh.

"When for myself alone I prayed,
I knew not but I prayed alone
Nor knew if God or man would aid:
For heaven was cloud and earth was stone.

But when I named a nearer name,
I felt the viewless barriers move;
Before the prayer the answer came,—
'T was love itself entreating love.

At last with sorrow like the sea,
Flowed through the prayer all human need.
And as the whole world prayed with me
I heard the Spirit intercede."

Carl Spencer.

THE EFFICIENT CHRISTIAN

TO PROMOTE the efficiency of machinery, of men and organizations of men, is a task that enlists the finest talent of the race. To this work come the inventors, manufacturers, teachers, preachers, reformers, and all friends of men. Especially is the problem of effectiveness addressed to the individual himself, for the great question asked by the world is, Can he bring things to pass? It does not care for his birth or position or diploma, but it does care for quantity and quality of results. It will take a Cincinnatus from the plow, a Shakespeare from the greenroom, a Lincoln from the forests, a Roosevelt from the aristocracy when it wants work done which these men best can do. And it will send the inefficient man, whoever he may be, into the nameless ranks of those who purpose and perform not.

It is a like judgment which falls upon the Christian. What he can do to bring the race towards the light, God requires he shall do. He can not multiply the loaves, but he can distribute them; he can not raise a Lazarus, but he can roll the stone from his

grave; he can not purchase salvation, but he can accept it and carry it to others. If he fails herein a remorseless law lays hold and gives him place among the recreant. There are no Christians carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, however much this method may be sought. It can not be that any one should truly follow Christ who has not so learned to love Him and all men that he will not urge the saving life upon the unsaved. The God of the Church is the same who rules in every sphere of life, and if a farmer may not reap who sows not, neither should one hope for heaven who adds not faith and works to his desires. Salvable character is not bred in idleness when white fields call for sickles. God can not save the indolent any more than earthly parents can save a lazy son; neither has in him that which can be saved. Fire will always consume chaff.

Force, the capacity for doing work, is the prime essential of efficiency. For the Christian this means the indwelling power of God. This power is not an object of scholastic speculation merely. It is what explains the might of Finley, Edwards, Moody, Thoburn, and of thousands who have done the superhuman thing. But this force must be released. The coal of a hundred hills is worthless until the imprisoned power is freed, and the mighty resources of the

Christian are unavailing unless sent forth as dynamics. Unlike material things which are lost in kind to him who uses them, those of mind and spirit are possessed and multiplied only in their use. Christian talents are either thus increased or, for failure to employ them, taken from the sluggard servant.

A second source of efficiency is rooted in the principle of adaptation. Paul became Jew, Greek, Roman, and accursed in order to save men. He put himself into the place of the one he sought to help, and from that new standpoint learned the secret path of access to his soul. No one can understand another who is unable to leave himself behind and look upon the world as the other person does; and this requires the sympathetic nature. It is the method of the loving heart. To him who really loves, the inner chambers of the other life are opened that he may dwell therein a welcome guest. The magic of a fellow feeling has not been equaled as a means whereby the full life of a Christian is admitted to the starving life of him who only knows the flesh.

Behind all Christian efficiency there must lie the high-souled personality. The quality of the worker's heart counts here. The doors of just and holy service lock before the evil man. The Christian builds

upon the hills of God, and the sword of flame impedes the path to all whose hands and hearts are sin-defiled. Spurgeon listened to the simple sermon of George Muller with a thrilling joy because of the great souled man who preached it. Eloquent words may be but sounding brass and facts resound as tinkling cymbals. Charity may be hollow and tears no more than drops of rain. But the Christ-crowned man, chaste and sane in thought and deed, takes the strength God grants and finds himself a guide to lead men to that self-same source of saving life. Surely "the labor of the righteous tendeth to life," and, like mercy, "blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Good News

"I BRING you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—Luke ii, 10.

"He was Himself forsaken that none of His children might ever need to utter His cry of loneliness."—Bishop Vincent.

"All we want in Christ, we shall find in Christ. If we want little we shall find little. If we want much, we shall find much; but if in utter helplessness we cast our all on Christ, He will be to us the whole treasury of God."—Bishop Whipple.

"O, Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!" —Browning.

Good News

Civilized man has an instinct for news. Business, politics, society, sentiment, and religion give him interests in events occurring everywhere. He wants word from the sick friend, from the parent, from the markets, from the noted personages, and from the world's capitals. He uses the courier, the mails, the telegraph, and tries to eliminate both time and space in order that he may hear the news. He wants the news to be good, for he receives comfort from the joys of others when not directly interested. Often only time can determine the character of news, and sometimes momentous happenings are allowed to pass with little notice. When Jesus was born there was no jog in the passing concern of men. England's heir was heralded by British in all lands; bells were rung, salutes fired, flags unfurled, and the people shouted. When Christ appeared the race pursued its dull indifference, giving no signs of joy or promises of gladness.

But heaven cared that His birth be not unannounced. A great light shone in the skies, a vibrant voice broke the silences of night, and from angel choirs

burst the chorus of glory, peace, and good-will. It was a royal welcome, though it came not from man. The world, famished for the news the Child was bringing, had no thought of its stupendous meaning. But the angelic acclaim has never died away; a few voices early caught the sound, and after nineteen hundred years the same glad words are heard in palace and rural home, in cathedrals that stand where are the rush and tumult of men, and in humble churches on prairies swept by unobstructed winds. For this Babe when older grown did not speak as others spake or do as they did, nor was His influence as theirs was. He was more than preacher or prophet or reformer. As divine, He still fills all conceptions of divinity; His influence ceases not, His voice is unstilled, prophecies are completed, the gates of empire swing before His imperial coming, and the world is changed.

Three things man needs to know above all else: his God, himself, and how he may be joined to God. Christ made revelation of God to man, for seeing Him man saw the Father. The Old Testament had revealed much, but its truths were perverted and God had become a dread and autocratic power. He was to be placated and His wrath appeased by sacrifice. Christ tore away the mask that men had made and showed a God of love. He was not might or vengeance or law,

not afar off or insensible, but the embodiment of that sweet power which never fails. Sun, planets, earth will pass away; honor, knowledge, work will not endure; love abides and God is love.

Christ revealed man to himself. He defined what man had vaguely felt: his lost condition in his alienation from the Source of life. But though lost, man was seen to be of vast potential worth; by virtue of origin and destiny he was not a thing to be exploited and abused. Ancient freedom could look oppression in the face and feel no self-contradiction. Based on temporalities, liberty was an accomplishment like wealth or learning. Christ gave man freedom by reason of the inheritance of his right; and thenceforward men faced man plus God, not man plus the earth. But His deepest message was for the unfree, wandering soul. It is terrible to be lost, but more awful still not to know it or, knowing it, not to care. It is yet more tragic to realize there is no hope of being saved. Hope means health in the sick-room while despair presages death; and infinite would be the sorrows of the soul to feel there is no way to save it. Alienated from the Father yet, through Christ man ceases his rebellion and "lies as he lay once, breast to breast with God." The truth Christ speaks, the way He shows, the life He gives; and

man's heart subdued by holy love, begins to learn the lessons that He taught.

Above the discord of the world His call to holiness is heard. It can not be stifled; it is clear, distinct, and like no other note to which men listen. When the skilled performer on the organ renders Mendelssohn's Walpurgis Night you hear the gathering storm; low, distinct thunders burst into present peals of crashing on the mountain peaks; while lightnings flash and smothering sheets of rain smite tree and earth; wild birds and beasts with shrieks and growls seek secret spots of safety. You feel the trembling of the deep bourdon, the pervading power of diapason; you catch the gleam-note of flute, the sober tone of oboe, and the fierce, defiant cry of trumpet. But over all is heard the vox humana, a voice as of some sweet singer high and cheering and triumphant. The elements are at war, but man is not in their power, in the midst is the gracious melody of God directing and controlling. We are not afraid, for this is His world; no sparrow falls unnoticed, no hair is left unnumbered. So is the voice of Jesus in the crashing and confusion of the world. There may seem naught but discord, strife and loss, but listening we can hear that tone unsilenced saying, "Peace, peace and victory."

THE PURPOSE OF POWER

"A MAN shall be . . . as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isaiah xxxii, 2.

"The life of a merely worldly man is like an African river that wastes itself by sinking into the desert sands."—Beecher.

"What strange servants some Christians are—always at work for themselves, and never doing anything for Him whom they call their Master."—Nevins.

"The equality of man can only be accomplished by the sovereignty of God. The longing for fraternity can never be satisfied but under the sway of a common Father."—Disraeli.

"Every man in a Christian Church ought to feel that he uses the power of the whole, yet never so as to take away from him the need of individual exertion. If we have experience, any brother has a right to come to us and say, 'Put your experience, as a bridge, over that stream which I must cross. I want timber there to walk on.' "—Beecher.

The Purpose of Power

At a nominating convention held in Chicago some time ago, one of the orators asked the pertinent question, "What are we here for?" The answer was political in its nature; but this inquiry may well address itself to every individual and demand from each an answer for himself. No one can escape it; consciously or unconsciously, by word or deed, every man does reply. "What are we here for?" Is there not a striking connection between the answer and the condition of those who make response, between the ideal and the facts of life? The truly rich and happy have caught the meaning in a purpose good and high; the miserable have thought the secret is to "Eat, drink, and be merry." Men so act as to let no fiction long exist for them. The visions they see and the dreams they dream tend to become the tangible. Man seeks to realize all he knows and what to him seems truth he makes the lode-stone of his life. Fourier declares that "the attractions of man are proportioned to his destinies," that desire is the prophecy of fulfillment, and in the Book we read that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Fortunate for each

one would it be if he thus believed and would suffer life's great question to be answered only by the voice from heaven. If destiny responds to desire one may well listen at God's oracle perchance to hear a call to the highest use of power.

In a beautiful figure Isaiah describes man's noblest service when he says, "A man shall be . . . as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." In portions of the East sand, not less than drouth, is a continual menace to vegetation. With the rising of the wind, the sand begins its migration, falling like a silent death and covering flower and fruit with desolation. Sheltered by some rock, however, on its lea side, there will be a spot protected from the smothering flood and, there a tiny oasis in the desert, a drop of dew which sparkles in a waste of sorrow, man and beast may find refreshment. All around may be aridness, while here in the shadow of the rock in that weary land is blooming a harbinger of hope and promise to the stricken traveler.

Such is the highest service assigned to man. He is not to cast down, but to build; not to destroy, but to defend. Human power is to rise as a bulwark before everything which makes it harder for men to be good and true. Its purpose is not the glorification

of self, but the deification of denial; not the selfish saving of one's life, but the blessed spending of it. It is to arrest the drift of error which sweeps like an awful storm upon him and his fellows. He is to oppose sin and, like the break-water in front of a harbor, receive the fierce pounding of the waves in order to insure safety and quiet behind him. There the soot and sin beat up against him; here in his shadow the fruits of love are blossoming. He is the guardian of possibilities and demands that the ideal of life may have opportunity to become a reality.

Here is the greatness which the growing judgment of the race calls great. Listening to the voices of the centuries, we hear the roll of famous names; but later generations are burying in forgetfulness all greatness which is not goodness and lifting to a tender immortality the names of those whose love was servant unto others. A nation rears memorial stones to Lincoln because his shadowing life gave hope and strength to slave and free; while grasping millionaires of twelve months since are nameless. Unlettered Moody has a soul still living in ten thousand lives he sheltered and humble Father Damien writes his name upon the lepers' hearts and sounds a call to sacrifice which will startle selfish men for ages. This kind of greatness is a seed of life, and if the

present has no ground in which to place it, future times will find the rejected seed and plant it in its rightful soil.

Let us also learn this truth as well; the strength and inspiration of the shadowing life come from above, and not from man himself. The Galilean is the Rock in whose shadow there is that power which enables man to be a shelter and a covert from the storm. One can only tremble when he beholds the depths of human woe and has no salvation to offer but his own. Unless Christ be with him in his offers of help he will go to starving men with only the crumbs from his own meager meal and drops of water from his own empty cup. It is an awful thing to go to a man covered by the sands of sin promising help and sympathy unless we have been alone in the mountain with Him who is mighty to save, heard His voice in a garden named Gethsemane, and experienced His glory in a place called Calvary.

Divine Multiplication

"How MANY loaves have ye? . . . And He took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks, and brake them, and gave to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude."—Matt. xv, 34, 36.

"I have never committed the least matter to Him that I have not had reason for endless praise."—Anna Shipton.

"If we trust God for spiritual things, we ought to trust Him for temporal things; for the higher act of mind always includes the lower."—Cockin.

"There are many men who do not believe in evaporation. They get all they can, and keep all they get, and so are not fertilizers, but only stagnant miasmatic pools."—Beecher.

"Christian faith is the faith of a transaction. It is not the committing of one's thought in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to a Being, there to be rested, kept, guided, molded, governed, and possessed forever."—Bushnell.

Divine Multiplication

The miracle, to Christ, was no more than the consistent expression of the fullness of His nature. A man, by reason of his greater development, is capable of much that is impossible to a child. The mathematician solves difficult problems, the surgeon performs delicate operations, the mechanic contrives intricate appliances, the musician executes thrilling compositions—all with skill and ease because of their greater special power. Our Lord performed the miraculous as naturally as we perform ordinary duties; His energies were meet for it. What men do partakes of their dominant capability; the scientist lives in the sphere of his science, the lawyer resolves his views into principles of jurisprudence, the poet sees with the far-vision of the seer, the money-maker translates his world into the language of the exchange, and the reformer regards the actual in contrast with his ideal. In all that Christ did, however, we find a balanced greatness. He expressed in their fullness justice, love, compassion, mercy, the complete life as related to time and eternity and for all persons everywhere.

Jesus was no anarchist; His sword was only against lawlessness. When He fed the multitude He obeyed the universal law of perpetuity and frugality. This principle holds with nature and with man. Nature grows, but does not create. At the base of the sycamore leaf was formed last summer the bud which will be the leaf next spring. The field asks the farmer, "How many loaves have ye?" and he gives a few ears of corn and some measures of wheat to the earth, which multiplies them into bountiful harvests. The rich warm soil asks the same of the florist, and he has some bits of geranium and begonia leaves, and by and by rich blossom and glossy leaf are nodding to him. The world inquires of the babe, "How many loaves have ye?" and if the child can offer it good blood and sensible parents the tender life will be flooded with opportunity and power. At every turn man is asked the same question, and if he has a little seed that is pure and true, he can have, if he will, a hundred-fold harvest. But he must give what he has and hold it close up to the Lord of life ere he can receive it again in multiplied measure.

Nature is frugal. The leaf that falls is resolved into elements which appear again. The water of the mill returns at last from the sea to turn the wheel once more. A thousand substances were locked in

the coal ages ago, and are now returned to use. Jesus wasted nothing; the loaves were few for the multitude, but He used what He had and their littleness was prophetic of abundance. Helen Keller had the fewest, tiny loaves; but, not wasted, they have been multiplied into strength and usefulness. The student brings his feeble store to the teacher, and in a few years goes away with a wealth of provision. The invalid husbands his strength, the economical saves the penny, the thinker dwells upon his idea, the mother safeguards the young life, and at last each one finds his few loaves multiplied into many.

A Christian life is neither unnatural nor extraordinary; it comes as a result of this double law of perpetuity and frugality. The prodigal had squandered his spiritual substance as well as material, and when he returned to his father all he had was the loaf of penitence. It was enough, for it made him a faithful son, again welcomed to all the blessings of the home. George Muller when a youth would lie and drink and steal and do all nameless deeds, but he respected prayer. It was the germ which grew into a sacrificing, saintly, and heroic life. Booth-Tucker saw "War Cry" at the head of the Salvation Army paper and it produced a thought which possessed him; thenceforth ease and self and honor yielded to the finest service for the lost.

Every one has his loaf, some sycamore bud, which is the prophecy and promise of a rich and satisfying Christian life. God provides both soil and seed; man plants and waters and, behold! He also gives the increase.

Lowered vitality gives disease its opportunity and is the faithful sentinel to warn one of approaching death. A rugged spiritual vitality is the surest safeguard from sin, and foolish is the man who is contented with only loaves enough to keep him barely living. Crisis times of sorrow and temptation come to all when inner fires will sap one's strength like fever. Not only self is thus endangered, but others miss the help it is their right to claim. The disciples' seven loaves became enough to feed the thousands; and to-day the Church has resources sufficient to save a starving world. But they are hoarded and not used, or, if employed, are selfish ministers. The disciples parted with their loaves and, Jesus blessing them, changed them into plenty and to spare. The life of Christians, yielded to the Master, given in a way which He can bless, would quickly make the kingdoms of this world the kingdom of its Lord and Christ.

High Failure and Low Success

"THIS is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed; I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."—Deut. xxxiv, 4.

"Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed."—Rev. iii, 17, 18.

"Many of our cares are God dragging us, and they would end, if we would stand upon our feet, and go whither He would have us."—Beecher.

"Without God there is for man neither purpose nor goal, nor hope, only a wavering future, an eternal dread of every darkness."—Jean Paul.

"It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing like an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
A lily of the day is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."
—Ben Jonson.

High Failure and Low Success

When the Tweed ring offered Editor Jones a great fortune if the New York *Times* would not expose their systematic robbery of the city, some said he was a fool for not accepting it. And when the struggling editor of the financial page of a metropolitan daily refused the gift of a thousand shares in a projected trolley line, the promoters were puzzled to understand how one so silly should fill so responsible a place. Such instances here and there show that man is not wise—except for one thing: two worlds he must reckon with even in this present life. There is an outer world of self-interest, promotion, and power; there is an inner realm where he faces the realities of honor, self-respect, justice, and right. It is possible so to school one's self that the voice from either world sounds faint and unauthoritative.

The outer sphere is the field of tangible activities and its influence on the inner life is not always wholesome. We may seek to escape its contamination by withdrawal to the seclusion of hermit or monk. We may confess defeat and drag out the cowed existence

of a beaten slave. Or we may acknowledge the world's wickedness, declare that wrong is not rightful master, and, with high-born courage, enter the warfare for the truth. It is in the inner realm that the first decisive conflict must be waged; the outer is already in a struggle, the heavy battalions have been placed. No enticement avails without the soul's consent; and what armies, friends, and death could not force from martyrs, can not be wrested from the secret chambers of the humblest man.

No fine success is possible if we live exclusively in either world. The one will produce a life of practical materialism. Selfishness will be the dominant motive and the goal will fail to include sympathy, considerateness, and love. Excessive introspection leads to morbidness, mysticism, and non-humanness. It is a life uprooted from the soil wherein its sustenance is found and wherein its activities are expended and developed. The two worlds are complementary in careers which save themselves from failure; materialism and sane mysticism must meet to form a sound religion of self-respect, practical service, and heaven-born ideals.

There is more of this balance than appears upon the surface. The apparent life is not always the

best which the world possesses; that which is unseen may be the more real and genuine after all. The substantiality of human affairs is based upon truth, honesty, and good faith. Trickery and crime and selfishness attract attention, but the saving salt of the earth is the virtue inspired by a sensible religion. Success without it is mean and unnatural; failure with it may occur, but it is high failure. The world knows it; in its heart of hearts it pays tribute to the faithful man. Its voice may cry out the folly of a Wendell Phillips and John Brown, but its inner soul names them as heroes and saints. It may applaud the diplomacy of a Webster or Edward Everett, but it withholds the prize for which they compromised conviction. It may allow the legally bankrupt and the protected brewer to rear mansions on principal streets, it may open the doors of society to their kind; but in the secret tribunal it knows them as knaves and base pretenders. The sane, pure heart of the world, as well as heaven, curses such success.

This deeper judgment of the heart should control the lips and brain and hand. Openly should the known right be approved and defended; openly should the secretly adjudged knavery be condemned and cast out. It is thus that strong men become stronger and the faint are given courage. Right succeeds whatever be

the issue; wrong fails whatever be the gain. To do God's work in God's way is to win; less than this is loss and failure. True, much of life seems a weary experience, a reaping with blunt sickles in a field which bears many sheaves of sorrow. Morning has its hopes, but evening brings its burden of disappointments; in the morning visions of truth rouse us to holy resolution; in the evening they are brought home —dead angels, white and cold. Is it that God thus mocks His child? holds before him promises which he is forbidden to realize? Moses did not fail, he ascended. Jesus did not die, He returned to God. Paul was not defeated, he entered a New Jerusalem. They did fail if life has no far-visions; but it has an eye that sees farther than time. Honor, fidelity, struggle, work, never fail. If the world says they fail, they fail upon the heights of Nebo, upon a transfigured Cross, upon a way flooded by heaven's light where God's voice rings forever, "Well done, well done."

GROWTH

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him."—Luke ii, 40.

"A true mental philosophy accepts all the facts of human experience. It seeks the mechanism of mind, but it also observes the nobler powers which make man a living soul and a child of God. . . . We grow broader not by seeing error, but by seeing more and more of truth."—J. F. Clarke.

"Whate'er we see,
Whate'er we feel, by agency direct
Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse
Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats
Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights
Of love Divine, our intellectual soul."
—Wordsworth.

"Angels of growth!
Did ye descend, what were ye more than I?
Wait there,—wait and invite me while I climb;
For, see, I come!—but slow, but slow!
Yet ever as your chime,
Soft and sublime,
Lifts at my feet, they move, they go
Up the great stairs of time."
David Wasson.

GROWTH

THE material world is composed of probably not more than seventy elementary substances. Of these, fifteen are found in the human body. If others are introduced they act as poisons or as neutral impediments. The health of the body requires at seasonable periods a proper proportion and quantity of its normal constituents. Excess or deficiency, if slight, produces unnoticed effects; but if too great, illness and death ensue. Dwarfed bodies result from improper nourishment, early accident, or sickness. Animals are sometimes intentionally stunted by poisons or intoxicants administered while they are young. The dwarf trees of Japan have had their tap root severed, and are allowed only enough nutriment to keep them barely alive. Dwarfed minds are products of misfortune or careless indifference. Necessary elements of growth have been withheld from them or mental poisons have been received, permitting only enough proper food to keep them alive, with nothing remaining for a larger development.

If mental growth has proceeded but little beyond that of the brute, the state is one of imbecility. Most

men easily escape this condition, but a considerable number appear to rest after barely crossing the line. There are those who have had sixty years of experience in the great world school and are practically what they were at fifteen years of age. It is an awful blunder to "mark time" during forty-five years of full, rich opportunity for marching. The mind which crystallizes at a certain point belongs to him who is satisfied to eat, drink, and sleep. He is in a trance; not dead, but manifesting only enough mental life to keep him out of the institutions for the unfortunates. His wheel turns in the stream, grinding nothing but the food for flesh. He has hidden the money of his lord and forfeited the crown of kinship with the ruling souls of earth.

Normal growth is conformable to end. If life for man meant no more than it does for a chicken, he could develop every essential in an hour after breaking the shell. Growth implies symmetry. The oak upon the edge of a dense forest, on one side hardy and strong, on the other weak and famished, is a creature of unfortunate circumstances. Man is one-sided if he have the arms of a pugilist and the legs of a tailor, or the physical perfection of an Apollo and the mentality of a Caliban. The business man is unsymmetrical if he knows only business. The

lawyer, minister, mechanic, every one is exposed to the evils of excessive specialization. They may be able to pay dividends in money, but not in highest satisfaction or service. The proposed three year college course and the offering of many elective studies are fruitful parents of narrowness and abnormal growth in special lines. Wise builders do not have foundations strong in a few places only, and the house we build to live in should have light on four sides. There is a world of glory for the mind that has windows through which it can come.

Every legitimate institution lends itself as a means of development. Home and school, State and Church, vocation and recreation are to promote the completest type of man. If the conception of life's meaning be worthy, each will be a full store-house to provide its portion of wholesome food. If there be determination to attain the highest possible, the weakest will become that which in the beginning he dared not even hope to be. To the baser appetites the lesser things will make appeal, but to yield is to stifle noble passion and enthrone the monsters which make unceasing war on worthy growth.

Development is determined by positiveness of will; the passive man no more develops than a stone. To

act is not only to know the fuller doctrine, but to become the incarnate form of truer things. Deeds react upon character and growth is not external. Leaves and fruit tied to branches do not make a living tree, and normal growth for man is in accord with principles which run their living way through all the universe. It is a philosophic fact that the goal of human growth is unity with God, the vital Source of all perfection. Not Christian only, but unbeliever too, has named the Christ a perfect man, keen criticism finds in Him no fault. But had He all wisdom and not love, all power and not truth, all riches and not mercy, all honor and not righteousness, the throne from which He rules the world would fall and hide Him in its ruins. The crown of Christ is what He is,—at one with the Father. And man has little worth attained who does not daily grow in grace as well as stature.

THE SUCCESSFUL CHURCH

"Now THEREFORE ye . . . are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy temple unto the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."—Eph. ii, 19-22.

"It seems impossible that those who love God with all their hearts should not recognize the Church; her claims are so evident, and equally impossible is it for the Church to convince those who love not God."—Pascal.

"Thou art her only spouse,
Whose arm supports her, on whose faithful breast
Her persecuted head she meekly bows,
Sure pledge of her eternal rest.

Thou her unerring Guide,
Staying her fainting steps along the wild;
Thy mark is on the bowers of lust and pride,
That she may pass them undefiled." —Keble.

"It (the Church) could stifle no thought; it must thrive when it suffered persecution, grow weak whenever it inflicted persecution. It must be ready to embrace all persons; it could never seek to comprehend any sect. It must be the great instrument of healing the strife of all classes within a nation. It must proclaim Christ as the deliverer and head of all nations." —F. D. Maurice.

THE SUCCESSFUL CHURCH

THE man who sees no imperfections in the Church is as far astray as he who sees nothing but imperfections. The welfare of the Church demands a searching solicitude, and such will reveal deficiencies. But it does not follow from the "signs of woe, that all is lost," or that the former times were golden and the present brass. The Church is a God-established factor for the saving of the world, and to lose faith in it is to charge Omniscience with a tremendous error. It furthermore ignores the patent fact that all institutions enlisting human help partake of human frailty. Not government, or education, or commerce, or family is without its blemishes. Consistency is a practical virtue as well as a poetic jewel, and efficient service seldom springs from a sweeping criticism or blinded radicalism. One need not wonder, however, that there is so much criticism, for a man can engage in this business with the very modicum of brain capital.

Pastor and people are components conspiring to promote the success of a Church. A healthful organism may successfully contend against a certain pro-

portion of defective constituents, but it is always at the cost of highest effectiveness. Richest results are the product of health in every member, as the strength of a machine lies in the perfection of every part. The purpose of the Church is to bring men to that high condition of life which God has ordained for them; and, as God comprehends in Himself the perfection of life, man can only attain thereto by realizing a conscious union with Him. Conversion means no more than such a turning to Him as will make man's thought, feeling, and volition to be at one with His. Human life is then lived in the inspiring atmosphere of the divine, and the fullness of God becomes the fullness of His child. The Church is compelled to contend against any weakness implanted by those members who may not have surrendered themselves to the plan of God, and the success of any Church is limited by the amount of surplus energy generated in the face of that constant struggle for self-preservation.

Pastor and people are interacting influences. "Like priest, like people" also means "Like people, like priest." The pastor of a successful Church must be the message he declares. Hazy speaking is the product of hazy thinking, for no man can clearly proclaim what he does not clearly know. Moreover, the

Christian life being an experience, he can not lead others on a way he has not traveled. The gadding preacher or the mercenary preacher murders his message through neglect and gives his people stones instead of bread. A selfish minister is a contradiction and a Church having such becomes steeled to a cold indifference and stolid apathy. Sympathetic he must be, for every roof marks a scene of trial and sorrow, and hearts have bled from lack of love as well as from their inner wounds. Faithful to preach the truth, courageous to condemn the mean, anointed for the work of healing, he is the Master's servant, and, therefore, brother of all men.

The successful Church is one of prayer and study of the Word. Given to God, its members can know Him only in this way; and as knowledge grows, power and reverence likewise grow. Cant phrases and premeditated, mesmeric enthusiasm may generate an emotional religiosity, but this will no more sustain a Church in its sacrificing, substantial work than will fiat money save a bankrupt business from the hands of a receiver. Faith must root itself in knowledge, in order to spring up into the free realm of the unseen. There is harmony in truth, and in this the Church finds the basis of its unity. The bond is not legal or selfish, but free because of voluntary, common allegiance to

Him who is the truth incarnate. Unity of the Church in Christ means the Second Commandment and the Golden Rule. It is practical brotherhood, the dream of the reformer, the forerunner of the millennium. The Word gives knowledge; prayer opens channels to the soul for that life which motives and sustains.

Nothing succeeds that does not do the work appointed. The Church is reformatory, leading men from error to right, from the low to the exalted, from the merely human to the human made divine. It is conserving, holding by its encouragement of civil law and social statute, by its individual and organized endeavor every increment of righteousness, thus far making up the sum of human good. And the secret of it all for pastor and for people is not wealth or wisdom alone, not greatness or genius, but the power of God indwelling, Christ in man, the presence of the Holy Spirit. Wherever men have surpassed themselves and humanity has exceeded humanity, the story is the record of souls strong-nourished by heaven's bread and drink.

CHRISTIAN ICONOCLASM

"He removed the high places, and . . . brake in pieces the brazen serpent which Moses had made."—2 Kings xviii, 4.

"How many things, just and unjust, have no higher sanction than custom."—Tertullian.

"The old in religion dies out,—the old error, the old dispensation, the old superstition; but not the old religion. For this there is no decline, no decay; for it is the life of God in the soul."—Orville Dewey.

"By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself. See what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest,—for 't is thine own,—
And tumble up and down what thou findest there."
—Herbert.

"The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good hold captive in the use
Of wrong alone, . . .
These wait their doom from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay." —Whittier.

CHRISTIAN ICONOCLASM

IN the eighth century the Roman Church pronounced against images in churches, because these representations of what was holy had become no longer merely symbols, but objects themselves of worship. Bitter partisan conflicts ensued, and when the iconoclasts, those favoring the decree, obtained control they ruthlessly stripped the churches of all signs of symbolic worship. The change was radical and complete, the old order suddenly gave place to a new. The forerunner of such radicalism was Hezekiah who, centuries before, destroyed the brazen serpent of Moses to prevent his people from worshiping it and forgetting Jehovah. He saw that they were paying homage to a mere object of brass, and that the time had come to destroy what had no longer any usefulness. If we wonder why the ark of the covenant, the table of Moses, some relic of holy prophet or of our Lord has not been saved to us, we may here find reason to believe that the foresight of God has wisely removed them when their special purpose was accomplished.

There are two methods of effecting changes, radicalism and conservatism. The one secures the result

quickly, the other includes the elements of time; the one is extreme, the other is conciliatory. Both have a proper place and function. Some customs and traditions are destined to pass away slowly and silently, and other changes are produced only by the destructive vigor of iconoclasm. Crises in history are opportunities for great and sudden forward movements. The conditions warranting the changes may have been of slow growth, yet the advance itself is to come from some bold and striking measure. The establishment of Parliament in England, the German Reformation, the freedom of '76 and of '61 in our own land, were results of iconoclastic principles. The old order refused to die naturally when its time had come, therefore it was destroyed suddenly.

The individual, as well as public, need of radical measures is still apparent. "Our little systems have their day," but often when they have served us well, we turn to worship them. We would make no inclusive arraignment of creeds, for they are honest endeavors to represent great truths in a few practical statements, and we can not part with them. A creedless Church is only a pleasing hallucination. But some persons have made their creed a fetich; to them it is the only body of verities possible, and they disfranchise from the rights of the kingdom all who do

not accept it. We like our own creed best, otherwise we would avow another; but it would be difficult to make our preference a conclusive reason for thinking that other men are not equally the children of God; and it would be hard to demonstrate that devotion to creed is a substitutionary merit for any other virtue. If allegiance to denominational creedism does produce a social boycott or callow criticism, it is time for the spirit that was in Hezekiah to break the image which stands between men and a true approach to God.

Even the Bible may become no more than a symbol, or a symbol that is worshiped. The devoutness of some accepts the typography of the Scriptures as inspired. The Book may be read with such mistaken reverence as to induce no reformatory results for the home or community. Or the family may experience some especial security when there is a Bible on the center table, though not a line of it is read for years. When it is regarded as a charm, like a horseshoe over the door, it has become simply a brazen serpent, and it is time to destroy whatever makes it barren of worthy fruits. It is not a far cry from this condition to that of the former days when men paid great sums for a monk's robe in which to be buried, thinking therein to pass the judgment bar unquestioned.

Every one finds more or less of superstition, bigotry, and prejudice in his make-up. An hour of careful introspection would reveal a world undreamed of before, and much of that world would be dead forms, senseless customs, and hurtful mental habits. The Hezekiah spirit is needed ruthlessly to smash cherished idols of street and den and school. No man has time to bother with an useless incumbrance. Cromwell justified his destruction of pictures and images in English cathedrals by saying, "England can get along without beauty, but England can not survive without truth." We are constantly in the throes of a new birth, and the old which has served its purposes, or always has been worse than useless, must yield to a new and higher order. The demand is for truth that meets the needs of earnest men in earnest times. Man must stand face to face with truth itself, and not worship its symbol. The fetich is dead; it is the spirit which lives and gives life.

THOUGHT AND DEED

"THEY shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward."—Jer. l, 5.

"I do suspect you grievously, . . . you do promise me so infinitely."—Shakespeare.

"Christian works are no more than animate faith, as flowers are the animate springtide."—Longfellow.

"Mere sensibility is not saving. Many are affected by the tragedy of the cross, who will not deny themselves a single indulgence for His sake who hung on it."—George Punchard.

"Defend me, common-sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old with drawing nothing up."
—Cowper.

"I am sick of opinions. . . . Give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits, 'without partiality and without hypocrisy,' a man laying himself out in the works of faith, the patience of hope, and the labor of love."—J. Wesley.

THOUGHT AND DEED

No MAN preparing to build a house will collect an indiscriminate amount of material. He wants the right kind and proper quantity of wood, stone, and brick; and somewhere before him there is a definite plan of the desired structure. Failing in any of these, he will suffer waste and disaster. Experience with material things writes the lessons large and repeats them for the sluggard learner, but they are costly, and one can not take many advanced courses. Physical life meets a like condition of quality and quantity of constituents and obeys a fixed plan of procedure. Excess or deficiency or mistake in kind produces serious results, and he is not wise who is slow to heed the teaching here, who refuses to learn from others, and insists on paying all the bills himself. Mental life makes like demand for proper elements and combinations; and, if thinking makes the man, there is no greater question than that involving the quality and use of thought. For the inner life is the real life, and to have no care for its fashioning is to be indifferent to destiny. Thought is not only the index of character; it is the positive force producing character.

It will not do to hold that thought is vagrant and beyond control. We are agreeing that man is a free agent, and thought is the very center of that freedom. On this hang the law and the prophets of duty and privilege. No one may plead the heresy of determinism in extenuation of his sins. Man is greater than the beasts in order that he may do some greater thing; and he realizes that he has power to welcome thought, to bid it tarry, to contemplate it, and to work it into his being. Or he can cease to dwell upon it, crowding it out by calling in yet other thoughts. Paul names a list of things as worthy of our contemplation: those that are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. On these virtues let men wisely dwell, and the fountains of their motives will be as springs of mountain water giving health and power.

The outer life is constantly suggesting other things. Business and daily work bring us to their presence, and it is no easy task to keep from the chambers of the mind unbidden guests. Sensational and pandering papers flash suggestions in news and advertising columns which will poison. Talk of street and club may hold a taint which blasts the soul. But immunity from sin is possible to him who is sufficiently healthful spiritually. Physical debility invites

disease, and spiritual weakness is the condition of sinful contagion. Life surcharged with holiness walks unharmed through furnace fires of fierce temptation, but a stranger to the things of God is prey to every passing passion.

Merely to think is not enough. Thought must work itself out in deed if man is to be more than dreamer. Dream first, then incarnate it; see visions, then perform deeds is the law. To know and not to act is to have coffers filled with gold while people starve; it is to take our Lord's treasure and hide it in the earth; He will not permit it, the moth will corrupt it, and life dry-rot with selfishness. God smiles on honest work, but binds a curse to every unused increment. Blessed is the man whose hand plays fair with brain, whose deeds are square with thought. Joan of Arc, when charged with witchcraft, explained by pointing to her white standard saying, "I said to it, 'Go boldly among the English,' and then I followed it myself." Ah, sweet secret of all power—the white thought flung far out and the white deed moving up to it. To him of old there came the admonition that all things should be made according to the pattern shown him in the mount. Up from the vale of sordid self God lifts us to the mount of grace, where love paints patterns in the soul for toiling hands to change

to tabernacles where other men are blest. He who will not work or he who draws the pattern for himself is driven from the place of vision wandering in the maze his own delusion makes. With saving truth the world is crowded, for saving service the world is starving.

Life has no deep instruction which is not also written in the story of the Christ. In His pregnant life He gathered up all basal truths and made them plain. He reveals His meditative nature in those times of quiet and retreat; He declares His active being in those days spent doing good. And thus it was He came to be the Son of man—the truth, the way, the life. He discovered the secrets in His thought; He possessed them in His manifested deed. In Him man finds the guiding virtues of his thought and the living pattern for his daily work. More than this the loving Father could not do for striving child.

Unseen Realities

"Now FAITH is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—Heb. xi, 1.

"Skepticism writing about belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is blindness laying down the law of optics."—Carlyle.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—Heine.

"In the career of nations, no less than of men, the error of their intellects and the hardening of their hearts may be actually measured by their denial of spiritual power."—Ruskin.

"The Gospel is not simply a philosophy of religion or law of life, but it is an apocalypse, showing the heavens to our thought, and so bringing its spiritual benedictions to every heart and life."—Storrs.

Unseen Realities

It is possible to prove to the logical satisfaction of some persons the theory of idealism; it is possible to show to others that materialism is equally demonstrable. But to the ordinary man the world presents two aspects: matter and spirit. There are reasons why matter seems the more real: thought changes and is fleeting, each day places in the mind something that is new, and each day sees something passing out into forgetfulness. Subject to digestion, temperament, education, and will, the content of the mind appears vacillating and insubstantial—it is what dreams are made of. Contrariwise, matter presents the aspect of permanency; the mountains and rocks offer themselves to us as they did in childhood, and even when substance apparently is destroyed we know that it will reappear in another form. However, we forget that behind matter lies cause, and that cause, producing intelligible ends, presupposes an intelligent spirit. And an intelligent spirit is a person which, when infinite, we call God.

The evils of the age largely result from too great an absorption in the material. The average life has

so burrowed in the realm of matter that few stars shine for it. It is concerned with things which can be weighed and measured, felt and seen. But there is an unseen realm within which is reality for those who want it: the realm of conscience, ambition, motive, faith. In theory we may be materialist or idealist, practically we are both. We can veer abnormally to one or the other; we may be epicure or stoic, voluptuary or ascetic, common-place or æsthetic, matter-of-fact or mystic. By guidance of thought and deed, man makes his own world and his own philosophy. Voltaire was an unbeliever because as a youth he tried to prove in an argument that there is no God; Bolingbroke was a Deist because he did not want a personal God to judge his wickedness. The constructive heroes, however, have been those who dwelt in the realm of principles, of truth, of spirit.

We miss too much by living close to the earth. The best things do not come through the five senses, for nothing equals the unseen glory within. Righteous resolution has called forth devotion which has shamed the menial natures of the earth-born. Convictions possessing the soul have led men through seas of trouble and inspired songs in midnight prisons. Aspiration kindled at the fires of holy altars has thrilled men with a finer melody than any note of lute or harp.

William of Orange said he had formed an alliance with the King who had never been defeated, and he knew that Holland would gain her liberties. No man feels the grandeur of his manhood or his cause who has not been mastered by some high-born inspiration from the unseen world.

"Sin is the subordination of the higher nature to the lower," says Martineau; and for a man to dwell among the ministries of the flesh is for him to lose the marks of manhood and fashion anew his bondage to the bestial. On earth matter and spirit associate, but it is given to man to assign to each its proper place. He who in the scale of values gives the unseen lowest rank, rates soul-worth less than flesh. The finest instrument of joy is stilled, no tender hand is felt upon the helm; life is a riot of the rough impressions of the senses with no kingly inner self to see their royal glory. The divinity within unfolds, and spirit comes to dominancy as matter ceases to be the lord of life. Wisdom, affection, and worship must choose between them, and the choice involves a destiny which is death or life. Man thwarts the purposes assigned him when he ministers only to the senses; he becomes traitor to his true self, a disappointment in his service to society, and a sorrow to the God who seeks his fellowship.

The unseen self resigns its proper place protesting, and we must feel the strivings of the higher nature. Life's insufficiency, its failure and despair, are the hunger marks of a soul which lives upon low levels. It seeks a felt union with its source; and as the branches need the vine, so does the human soul cry for the living God. Belief in God is not enough—hunger is not assuaged when we believe in food; development is through assimilation, and an essential of assimiliation is vital contact with the well-selected food. Over into the life of God a man must project himself by assent and consent and obedience if he is to develop the divine with which he is in embryo endowed. With the finer culture the wild sloe of the forest becomes the plum of the garden, and the man of the earth earthy becomes of the spirit spiritual when he lives obedient in the atmosphere and love of God.

The Curse of Indifference

"CURSE ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord."—Judges v, 23.

"He that is not with Me is against Me."—Matt. xii, 30.

"Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own."—Shakespeare.

"Decision is the moral vertebræ of the character; it gives to the whole being a bearing, stamina, and consistency."—Hood.

"The principle to which polity owes its stability, life its happiness, youth its acceptance, and creation its continuance, is obedience."—Ruskin.

"The condition of a sense of God's presence, is obedience to the laws of love. The condition of spiritual wisdom and certainty of truth, is obedience to the will of God, the surrender of private will."—Robertson.

THE CURSE OF INDIFFERENCE

WHEN Israel sought to be free from Sisera, the oppressor, some tribes heeded not the call for help. Mutual defense and deliverance summoned them, but an unwilling heart made idle hands. Some were shepherds, and the bleatings of their flocks were louder than the voice of duty; some questioned and found fault, and others had their boats and trade at Joppa. There was business to be done, pleasure to be had, money to be made, and therefore they remained at home. Because they were not facing danger themselves there was no reason they should assume risks for others. Flocks and ease and money were more to them than any need of fellow-man. How strange the continuity of human nature that recognizes the familiar application of such words to-day!

Upon recreant Israel came the curse of indifference when indifference is base crime. True, these faithless ones had done no overt wrong; they simply had done nothing. Thus many name their righteousness in negative terms,—they are not thieves, libertines, liars, or drunkards—and therefore they are justified. But Christianity is positive; when man is en-

joined to keep himself unspotted from the world, he is commanded to defend his brother. He is judged by what he leaves undone, and not alone by what he does. Though he never placed a stone of stumbling on the highway, he yet is keeper of the road on which his fellows travel. This is the latter-day religion, rebuker of that kind which forgets that God is worshiped when His creatures are defended. But the wonder is we learn so slowly, that so few are really in the ranks of battle.

We excuse ourselves by naming the intense demands of daily toil. But a man who has no time for God is either idle or unduly selfish. Often he dreams that he is working and is fussily engaged with labors which with system and intensity could be performed, and allow time for Christian service. Or if there be method and energy he is sinfully selfish to make all hours serve his private claims. No one has right to make a business more important than mankind. It should be Christian through and through, with other men as silent, but participating, partners. Rarely is an employee so toil burdened that weariness is valid reason for indifference to the Church. And still more blameworthy is he who has a business of his own, yet provides no entire Sabbath and mid-week hour for that devotion which will hallow all his hours.

Another pleading for indifference is our need for recreation and pleasure. The flowers and trees and fields themselves have nights and seasons of repose; man clips his nights at both ends, swallows three weeks of dissipation in the summer, and wonders how his body protests against emerging from the hidings of the Sunday paper at Church time. Well, a certain stimulus is needed to overcome the inertia of habit. It is easier to pursue the accustomed round than to perform aggressive service; and it is hard for the complacently comfortable to assume any duty out of the ordinary or that will lessen their accustomed ease. But pleasure or rest is no profession, and he who makes it such will save his life to lose it. An unsaved city and neglected men write "Ichabod" on every soul that with the siren song shuts out the call for help, and that awful word eats in its way to cowardize and spoil still more the truant self.

Man is peace-loving, and this often withholds his hands from active duties. Peace is to be desired, but peace at any price is craven. Right ranks higher than peace, and often both can not be had at once. Better one Luther who fights and makes mistakes, than a hundred like Erasmus, who makes no mistakes or anything else. He who fears to offend the wicked needs more iron in his blood and more grace in his

heart. On dress parade his garments may be faultless, but we save hurrahs for the man who is stained and scarred by battles. The immaculate coward may decorate a drawing room, but it is a shame that his voice changes and his hair is shortened.

The transforming influence needed is to experience the spirit which led Christ to do the work for which He was born. Argument may condemn and appeal may shame, but a recognition that life is a gift for only the highest use will define pleasure, business, peace, and duty. No one can then be idle, selfish, or afraid when justice is an issue; for who will violate a trust so holy? If life be given it is servant of the Giver, and if it be called to serve in hard places, it finds its glory in fidelity to its trust. To work with God for man—is anything worthier and fitter for man to do?

Worship and Wisdom

"He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding."—Dan. ii, 21.

"Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."—Job xxviii, 28.

"A little philosophy inclineth a man's heart to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."—Bacon.

"Divine moment, when over the tempest-tossed soul, as well as over the wild, weltering chaos, it was spoken 'Let there be light.' "—Carlyle.

"To know but to know, that is curiosity; to know to be known, that is vainglory; but to know to practice what we know, that is Gospel duty."—Unknown.

"The knowledge of man is an evening knowledge, *Vesperina Cognitio,* but that of God is a morning knowledge, *Matutina Cognitio.*"—Emerson, from the Schoolmen.

"What availeth knowledge without the fear of God? An humble, ignorant man is better than a proud scholar who studies natural things, and knows not himself."—Jeremy Taylor.

WORSHIP AND WISDOM

MAN has more gray brain matter than any other creature. He is not the strongest or the swiftest or the longest lived, yet he is master of the inhabitants of earth and sky and sea. It is because he can do better thinking than they. He touches a lever which releases forces that are more powerful than any beast; he presses a spring which directs energies that are swifter than the flight of any bird; he crowds results into a few years, and his life, measured thereby, is longer than any other. His puny natural forces are multiplied by millions through the magic of his mind. He finds a cause and he trails it until he reaches its effects; he discovers an effect and follows its tracings back to the cause. He dreams and then demonstrates his visions; he discloses principles governing the operation of forces, builds sluiceways to direct them, opens and closes the gates, and makes the mastered energies serve him in the paths his wisdom marks.

Human instincts are neither so mandatory nor so sufficient for life as those of the brutes, and a man

saves himself from destruction only by wise thinking. His life is a series of judgings; alternatives constantly present themselves, and at a thousand cross-roads intelligent deliberation alone will reveal the way to take. Choice is constantly necessary, for purposes are to be formed and action carefully directed. The true judgment is difficult to attain because of insufficient knowledge and unsuspected interferences. The most learned are still pebble-gatherers before the great ocean of undiscovered truth; and within himself each man finds that the pleadings of custom, of public opinion, of habit, of ambition, of prejudice, and self-interest may easily obscure the truth. The wonder is that men ever agree concerning anything when we consider what is involved in the elimination of the personal equation and the proper valuation of the multiplicity of conflicting data.

In the Church as a worshiper man does much to attain a steady vision and the ability to look at things impartially. The Church has indeed been called the mother of bigotry, but this is the hard word of the imperfectly informed. Properly to see a picture, one must know where to stand; properly to judge of privilege and duty, one must have an undisturbed viewpoint. Personal desire must not bias and time must not persuade. Worship largely eliminates self, re-

moves the disturbances of sense and time, and allows man to stand upon the summits of eternity, where he estimates values by the standards of everlasting right. The impartial view-point comes to the worshiper through a surrender of self and its merger into the self of the Father. Then he puts himself somewhat in God's place, and his judgment is the judgment of the Highest; he loses his personal biases, sweeps the horizons of past, present, and future, and sees the particular thing in true perspective and relation.

Worship unifies life, and thereby promotes the discernment of truth. Events do not stand alone, chaotic, haphazard; and they have their values in their inter-relationships. Worship discloses the true philosophy of history in the revelation of Him who is both first and final Cause. Worship balances the individual life; every faculty and function should be sanely active in discerning and judging. It is sin which destroys the unity of man's functions and thereby makes him deficient. The impure is unable to pass judgment upon purity, the dishonest is incapable of having a just value of rectitude, the untruthful should expect to have his opinion of veracity much discounted. So also the critical, the gloomy, the credulous, the proud, the abnormal in any par-

ticular is shut out from truest wisdom. He brings to his task a mind deficient or already bribed. Worship is a corrective. It is a constant rebuker of sin, of deficiency, of excess; it steadies, governs, guides, and quickens all man's faculties, gives strength and motive for their highest use.

Worship includes teachableness. The bigotry of self-sufficiency has no place in the sanctuary, and the dogmatism of the Pharisee is rebuked by the spirit of true worship. Openness of mind is an essential of wisdom, and he who bows before God is necessarily seeking to be taught. When more than now has wisdom been needed or of greater power? Prejudices, idols of the den and cave, narrowness and specialization mislead and betray. This, when men are more closely bound than ever, when error and untruth run courses most disastrous, when all must jointly share in the mistakes of one. Man, reverent before God, finds unfolding in himself the conditions for discovering what is true and, faithful to himself, he comes to be the child of God.

Heredity and Environment

"After his kind."—Gen. i, 11.

"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord."—Gen. xviii, 19.

"We are spelled out of the past existences of all those who were our ancestors."—Beecher.

"Our very accountability to God rests upon our ability to build up a good character."—Macmillan.

"If we would mend the world, we should mend ourselves, and teach our children what they should be."—William Penn.

"Shakespeare's ridicule of those who are 'villians by necessity,' and who excuse their character by accusing the stars (or their ancestors), applies, in principle, to many assertions about heredity."—B. Green.

"No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness."—Phillips Brooks.

Heredity and Environment

With these magic words we have been wont to conjure from unexplored chasms champions who have graciously defended any claim proposed. They have not ceased to war among themselves, always settling and always unsettling the propositions presented. What the law of human development is can not be named with undisputed assurance. If some look to sexual selection as a dominant principle, others find that a struggle which leads to a survival of the fittest a more satisfying theory; while Mr. Kidd believes that competition plus the altruistic factor of self-sacrifice is needed to account for the phenomena of progress. There are conceded facts of self-sacrifice in all the higher forms of life, and in plant organisms there are occurrences analagous to the self-surrender made with conscious deliberation. At all events there are factors within and factors without which together conspire to produce the world-progress, although it is impossible to determine the relative value of each. Not the organism only, but its environment also, are required to account for development; and it is an impossible task to say which is the more potent. Heredity and environment are interacting: a new

state of the organism day by day produces day by day a new environment, and that in turn effects a change in the organism which again reacts upon the environment. The value of each depends upon the other.

That the influence of heredity is great is a practical fact. Every organism produces after its kind. The most perfect plants and seeds are selected to propagate improved offspring. The stockman expects an increase of strength, endurance, and efficiency in his herds and flocks when he chooses parent-stock which largely possess the qualities desired. Man likewise transmits to his children much of himself. The Webster family is known to this day for their heavy eyebrows and beetling foreheads. For three hundred years the royal families of Austria have had thick lips. Four generations of Parrs lived to an average age of one hundred and twenty-four years. A predisposition to diseases like consumption, scrofula, and dyspepsia seems to be clear, and insanity runs through the line of descent like an unbroken thread. The religious characteristics of the Beechers, Edwards, Phillips, of the Puritans, pass from generation to generation. So also we find families of musicians, of artists, of bankers, of inventors. "Each after its kind" refers to mind and soul as well as body.

Some hold, however, that it is not heredity but the environment which a particular heredity brings with it that is the real cause of a certain state. The Children's Aid Society of New York has placed eighty-four thousand children, born in the slums of slum parents, in wholesome circumstances, and nine out of ten have done well. The secretary, Mr. Loring Brace, says: "So far as we can judge, inheritance does not figure in the problem. It is our experience that no matter what the parents may be, if the child is taken away at an age so early that it has not understood the wickedness about it, and placed in a country home with kind and judicious parents, it is almost certain to do well. But if the child is not transplanted early enough, then there are the bad examples, bad habits, and knowledge of evil ways to contend against."

In a personal study of a large number of individuals, we found that ninety per cent of the children who received specific religious instruction from parents became members of the Church, while forty per cent is the proportion of such when that training was not given. Where family worship was observed eighty-eight per cent became Christians, where it was not respected fifty-seven per cent united with the Church, and where there was no religious instruction

more than ninety-two per cent were wholly indifferent to the claims of religion. But where the influence of heredity ceases and that of environment begins no one can say: certain it is, however, that the two together control the higher and lower issues of life, as man himself can largely choose.

The implications of these facts are that if parents keep their own bodies, minds, and souls upon high levels the child will be advantaged from the start; and if the home life, companionship, school, and Church are wholesome and ennobling the child will develop a worthy life. Teach the race how to be true parents, and the world will be transformed in a generation. Every one may now place his hand upon these formative forces where they find him, and make them minister to his better self and add somewhat to the total of the good.

COURAGE, TRUE AND FALSE

"YET they were not afraid, nor rent their garments, neither the king, nor any of his servants that heard all these words."—Jer. xxxvi, 24.

"Now, when they saw the boldness of Peter and John . . . they marveled."—Acts iv, 13.

"Whenever a man talks loudly against religion, always suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions, which have got the better of his creed."—Sterne.

"The courage that dares only die is on the whole no sublime affair. The courage we desire and prize is not courage to die decently, but to live manfully."—Carlyle.

"Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which defies all opinion, will make a man brave in another."—Colton.

"Weakness never needs be falseness; truth is truth in each degree—
Thunder pealed by God to nature, whispered by my soul to me." —Browning.

"He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where Duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."
—Cowper.

COURAGE, TRUE AND FALSE

COURAGE is measured by the value of the principle it defends, and by the cost it is compelled to pay. It is ignoble or ignorant when it upholds what is pernicious; it is called commonplace when it does easily what the majority of men are doing. But when, in the face of mighty opposition, the protesting judgments of valued friends and at great personal cost, a man vindicates a rule that ought to govern, he is named a hero and great soul. Therefore praise we faithful Nathan rather than fugitive Jonah, unflinching Paul more than trembling Felix; therefore Washington is more than Arnold, Hamilton greater than Burr. Separated from the insistence of a personal bias, the instinct of the race may be trusted to make no mistakes in placing names upon its monuments. Some heroes may be forgotten, but the memory of the unjust rots.

True courage is not blind to facts; it knows conditions and willingly pays the price of its fidelity. Ofttimes the cost is great, but truth is worth it; and to refuse the charge is to invite a penalty vastly

greater. Foolish is he also who ignores a truth and thinks thereby he frees himself from every claim it has upon him; and doubly false is he who with contempt refuses to accept unwelcome facts. Truth ignored and fact condemned are truth and fact that still exist. Though erased from the page of conscious knowledge, they work their sure results, and the man who defies them is smitten with the fateful curse of disobedience.

When King Jehoiakim burned the Word of God which condemned him for his sin, yet offered pardon if he would repent, he marked himself a daring fool. The written scroll was gone, but the awful facts remained. He was still a sinner, and the curse of sin was on him. Type of the man is he who stops his ears to all religious calls and feels himself absolved from their high standards Duty is a fact, a form of privilege, from which no one escapes; the love of God permits it not, for He would have no man outside this school of joy and wholesome opportunity. Burn every Bible in the world and its truths remain inflexible. It is but a transcript of eternal principles which permeate the universe. Ignore the fact of sin, and it holds as truly as gravity rules among barbarian tribes who never heard of natural law. Not contempt or ignorance will absolve unwilling man from just

behests which lead to life or release defiant sinner from the pains which are God's messengers that seek to keep him from the ways of death.

Nor is that courage less than folly which thinks itself excepted from the law divine. Nature has no exceptions, knows no favored classes. A Jew is "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is." It is no curse to be bound by the laws of nature. The orderly world of man and matter is made possible thereby; a vacillating nature would be cruel and man would become the prey of chance. Harvest and frost, heat and electricity never step aside for king, president, plutocrat, or pauper. Neither does the moral law regard as privileged any one. Forget the Ten Commandments, and they will still exact the final farthing; burn every warning word against strong drink, and the curse will yet remain. Ignore the Beatitudes, and their blessings can not come; refuse to lose a life, and life will not be worth the saving. The high demands may make the strongest hesitate and doubt, but virtues are not found at bargain sales. The price is not beyond the reach of any one, and in obtaining purchase money man secures a tripled joy and gains the earnest of his

crown. It is an ill-considered courage which destroys, neglects, or waives aside the truth however unwelcome it may be. To know and to obey is to live and to enjoy.

Always to defy the wrong and to uphold the right requires a passion greater than the strength of promise made by sin. For money, fame, or power we will do much, but they can not enlist the total energies of the sanely normal man. Love of country will control a million men in certain lines; but Napoleon said that of all men, Jesus is the only One who founded an empire upon love, and for whom to-day a million men would gladly die. And some would even live for Him! True courage is Christian courage; it is a recognition of the facts of right and wrong, of God as one with right and as opposed to wrong. Highest courage comes from living in harmony with God. This clears the vision, nerves the hand, never wearies, and does find victory.

The Abiding Help

"I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Psalm cxxi, 1.

"The Bible is the great book of consolation for humanity."—Renan.

"Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now looks the life He makes us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He laid the fetter; let it lie!"—Browning.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just."
—Tennyson.

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my heart; its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge somewhere."
—Browning.

"He who is one with God in a child's faith and confidence finds God present everywhere,—in his brother man, in nature, in the laws of the universe, in the events of history, in human inventions, in political struggles, in business, in home, in travel. God goes with him everywhere, and unites him happily and peacefully with all His creatures and all His works."—J. F. Clarke.

THE ABIDING HELP

MAN is born to sorrow as the sparks are to fly upwards, and life is a tremendous tragedy if sorrow is a mistake and has no great and wholesome purpose. The days are not many until there come experiences which disappoint and sadden. In childhood we have nature's swift banishment of grief and the mother's magic power to transform tear-drops into smiles. But deepening life brings deepening trials, and some awful day there falls a sorrow for which the old-time help is insufficient. The sufferer looks within and without for succor, and, ere he finds relief, yet other griefs come rushing on and his life becomes a weary battle to escape from pain. Heavy laden and confused, the world has used its ingenuity and learning to devise some way to banish sorrow and give free rein to joy; but trembling fingers on unspeaking lips confess the failure.

If there be no escape from trouble there is at least a proper way to meet it; but always there is choice. The trials of poverty may be relieved by theft; mediocrity, alleviated by pretense; toil, avoided by deception; duty, softened by duplicity. The pain

of a bruised finger may be escaped by cutting off the hand. A remedy is sometimes worse than the disease, and the seemingly right treatment of a trouble may be a harder thing than wisely to endure it. Herein is character revealed and made by sorrow. A great disaster makes one man stern, defiant, and unfeeling; another will bewail, complain, repine, and cease to try; a third will hasten to forget and seek to smother memory in unceasing toil; a fourth will meet his sorrow in deep reverence and a love for God so firm that he finds fulfilled in himself the promise of all things working together for his good. Trouble is not a vengeful curse. It may be a penalty to warn transgressors of still further pain; it may be a teacher opening fuller and deeper experiences which are needful and to be had no other way. There is much in human nature which must be cast off, good gold mixed with the dross; and somehow sorrow shows what is the highest worth and makes us willing to let slip those things which have but passing value. Intrinsically an evil, it seeks to make for character which is sympathetic, strong, and love-controlled. It is all a loss to one who comes from the battle with no such signs of victory.

Trial is not simply to be borne with stoic hardness. It is unnatural to look for no help, but the

kind of help we seek conditions the character which results. If we try to heal the wounds by intense labor, by deeds of charity, by much fellowship with friends, by travel, or by allowing time to be the medicine, we shall miss the highest blessing. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord." Any lesser help, though good as palliative, is not final, and if accepted as the best it will be at the soul's cost of a gracious opportunity for strength and holiness.

Sorrow is intended to send a man to God. There alone is life truly enriched and set in proper perspective. Behind may be years of faithfulness, and here the goal is blocked by some forbidding Jordan. The longed-for Canaan is just ahead, not to be entered. The witchery of the prize which wooed through many toils is blasted by a prohibition. But what if on the mount—some Nebo-height—from which we see all this we find the eternal God Himself! Moses may not cross to the long-sought land, but he is with God, which is far better. Was Canaan the goal of life, or was it God? If when his work is done, well done, he finds the everlasting prize, who shall say he suffers loss? Let hearts be sad for those alone who lose their earthly Canaans and, having no other

treasures, have lost all. We find God if sorrow sends us to His hills, and this is worth its cost of grief and pain. There sorrows are sanctified by the strange assurance that He doeth all things well; and he who suffers and thus learns will find the secret of the mighty value which God places on the soul of man. He wills to save it, though each child bears a cross of pain, to carry which His own Son comes as Burden-sharer.

The soul's transformation from weakness to strength is the miracle wrought by sorrow. Jesus cries, "O, My Father, let this cup pass from Me!" It is humanity's weakness seeking escape from pain. "O, My Father, Thy will be done!" What has taken place between these cries? Help from the hills, the inflow of God's might making humanity divine. How much greater Jesus now than if He had escaped the trial! Grace sufficient is promised; and if trials be sore, so much more is the needed grace supplied. And this is the abiding help.

Between Two Opinions

"How LONG halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings xviii, 21.

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering."—Heb. x, 23.

"They performed their duties, but preferred to put their own construction on the commands of their masters, rather than execute them."—Tacitus.

"Obey something, and you will have a chance of finding out what is best to obey. But if you begin by obeying nothing, you will end by obeying Beelzebub, and all his seven invited friends."—Ruskin.

"There is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution. There is nothing more pitiable in this world than an irresolute man, oscillating between two feelings, who would willingly unite the two, and does not perceive that nothing can unite them."—Goethe.

"Yet half mankind maintains a churlish strife
With Him, the donor of eternal life,
Because the deed by which His love confirms,
The largess He bestows, prescribes the terms.
Compliance with His will, your lot insures,
Accept it only, and the boon is yours."

—Cowper.

Between Two Opinions

Opinion is not unimportant: it does matter what one believes irrespective of his sincerity. Forged from the fires of a human soul, it may yet be greater than the man, or less. But it will bring the man to its own level. The fugitive thought arrested Wilberforce, and, when he believed with a full heart that the unfortunate had a claim on him, his life was lifted from self to sacrificing service. When cultured Oscar Wilde believed that life's meaning best was realized in sensuality, he soon was on the plane of sottish being. Opinion is transmissible. Garrison hurled his opinion before the American people, and held it there until they were forced to make it theirs, and the North rang with a thousand voices that were in earnest and would not equivocate. When Frances Willard was possessed by love "for God and home and native land," she planted her opinion in the soil of consecrated womanhood and wrote thereby the doom prophetic of the liquor curse. Here is the law: Opinion masters man and works itself into the open deed.

We recognize the compelling power of an opinion, and therefore hesitate to let it have unqualified in-

dorsement. This is the secret source of compromise and of the weak man's shame and failure. Just opinions are constructive, but a compromise with justice leaves the question still unanswered. Slavery's ante-bellum compromises settled nothing. Some things are either right or wrong, and any middle ground is but the scene of further conflict. God's hand will rearrange upon the board the figures, His voice still speak to conscience, till the chaos of the wrong is changed into the order of the right. Another law there is: Though man refuse to have opinions there is making for him day by day opinions he must have. Each vagrant thought and deed reacts upon the mind and, growing into habit, forms its mental counterpart in some opinion. Capricious acts, instead of reason, thus become the ruler and man abdicates his right of judgment and is a thing caught in the cycle of the laws which govern matter. He is the prey of shifting winds of doctrine, the unknown quantity in those problems where real men count.

We grant that oftentimes a fixed opinion is not readily attained, and that delay is wisdom's better part. Off-hand opinions may be no better than mere guesses at the truth. But a man's opinion as concerns his God ought to be worth the struggle needed to secure its fixed acceptance. Hesitation or compromise

here would seem to be without explanation. But the Israel which Elijah arraigned for indecision remains unto this day. Natural hesitancy to make an out-and-out decision becomes a habit, and many Christians in the face of wrong seek peace through compromise instead of waging righteous strife. Said Phillips in his eulogy of John Brown, "If in a world of sinners you were to put American Christianity, it would be calm as oil; but put one Christian like John Brown of Ossawatomie, and he makes the whole crystallize into right and wrong, and marshal themselves on one side or the other." John Brown was an Elijah. Such men make others take their places and be counted. Society always needs an Elijah to separate God's faithful from the aristocratic heathen. Every city needs a John Brown to rouse it against a slavery to illiterate brutality and purchased perjury in high places.

The acceptance of a truth carries with it the practical acceptance of its logical implications. A decision for God that does not include the revelation of itself in love and conduct is a delusion. Intellectual assent is insufficient; there must be a consenting of the whole life. Not until this perfect assent is completed can there be established that vital relationship wherein the life of God flows freely to His child. From Marconi's instruments on the Nova

Scotia headland messages can be sent to a thousand receiving stations in a dozen seas. But only when the transmitter and the receiver be tuned to the same number of vibrations. No pulse stirs in the receiver that is not in unison with the transmitter. The decided soul, the consecrated soul is in tune with God. From Him proceed messages which are taken up by the myriad lives in harmony with His transmitting life, and so He makes of one mind all races and conditions of mankind. The faithless, undecided hear no sound; the faithful hear and transcribe the message in the language of transformed lives. Through ages the race wandered in a solitary way, the hunger of the soul turning their faces with vain searchings everywhere. Christ came, revealed the Source of life as love, touched their own hearts to loving issues, and formed the tie by which they reach the heavenly Father.

THE CHILD AND THE KINGDOM

"JESUS said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix, 14.

"Educate children without religion, and you make a race of clever devils."—Wellington.

"The disciples measured themselves by their manliness; Jesus taught them to measure themselves by their childlikeness."—Joseph Parker.

"Those who educate children are more to be honored than those who produce them; for these only gave them life, those the art of living well."—Aristotle.

"Education commences at the mother's knee; and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character."—H. Ballou.

"The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and Woman.
Lost I those gems,
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path,
I would go wandering back into my childhood
Searching for them with tears."

—Alexander Smith.

THE CHILD AND THE KINGDOM

THE high place granted to the child in enlightened nations is due to Christian teaching. Childhood had slight favor with the ancient world. The heart of parents had learned little tenderness, and the offspring of the home, though tolerated, was not welcomed. Law surrounded children with small protection, and conferred upon the father a control which reached at times to slavery and destruction. Rome exposed her infants; Hinduism let them perish by the Ganges; Mohammed cursed them; China murdered them; Plato could only say they must not be neglected, for they would grow to men and women. Juggernaut offers them death; the mosque contempt; infidelity neglect; but the bosom of the Christ is their home and refuge. It is His teachings which have gripped the minds and hearts of men until it is the little child who leads them.

Plain to us now is the wisdom of the Scriptures in giving children a pre-eminent rank. In the home they are God's stars, the echo of His voice, His

ministers who preach devotion, purity, unselfishness, and love. Life's sorrows and its tumults may drive back all other angels; no true soul in the nursery but feels he meets the messengers of heaven face to face. There is no music such as theirs, no power so strong to touch to finer issues the corroded chords that else would cease to sound. And who can estimate prospective values of a child! The latent greatness there is only seen in mother's dreams. A world in need of help may well with hope await the least child's coming to his powers. The heart of him is black who places stones of stumbling in the way; and he is not wisely loving who does not prepare the high-road for his coming. For in intrinsic worth each soul is pregnant with the life immortal. He who cares for the soul of a child saves to the world a life of pregnant service as well as adds to the saved in heaven.

Therefore, children are co-heirs of the promises made to men. Rights and privileges granted to adults, they too receive. Because they are so great in what they are and may and will become, their nurture in religious truths is clearest duty. Children's hearts and minds and souls are virgin soils awaiting planting. All they think and feel and will are pledged by being fresh from God to the reception of relig-

ion. "Therefore shall ye lay up these My words in your heart. . . . And ye shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest in the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up." Mirabeau, being asked how to teach popular liberty, replied, "Begin with the infant in the cradle and let the first name it lisps be Washington." If religion be but foolish conjurations of false men, then pass it by; but if it be God's revelation of a needed righteousness, then meagerest love and smallest wit would give to children fullest culture in these saving truths.

Increased capacity carries with it added obligation. Because a man has there is constraint to use. Nature makes provision for the lower orders which can not care for all their wants themselves; and when man's inability arises, God meets him with proffered help. But what he can do himself he must do. Not fate or luck or softness of God's love will grant a man what he himself should win. If training be essential for the daily work, if regret brings no relief to failure, there is no reason to expect neglected childhood to show the fruits of careful culture. Parental tears for children lost to God should have fallen as a shower of prayerful blessing in the nursery years before. The woe that now is gather-

ing in so many homes is but the ripening fruitage of seeds dropped in infant life by the neglect of parents for their children's souls.

The contest for the child is not mere pageantry. Nor can the Church in one short hour a week so counteract the work of wrong and build the life in such a way that home and State shall have their hopes fulfilled. No miracle is quite so great as that which the Church does work in that one hour, but a thousand devils will undo it all if parents lend no helping hand. More than welcome to the kingdom is the child; it is his, and the Christian life will fit him for it. And in the race he runs there is no voice so full of cheer, so wise to guide, so near to aid, as the voice he heard in lullaby. If he would run and win, clothed in the full panoply of high-born powers, first let him ask his parents. They gave him life; they save or lose it for him.

The Pulpit and Public Morals

"THE wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men."—Rom. i, 18.

"My dear friend, venture to take the wind on your face for Christ."—Rutherford.

"Nature has no promise for society, least of all any remedy for sin."—Bushnell.

"Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no man can corrupt."—Shakespeare.

"Morality rests upon a sense of obligation; and obligation has no meaning except as implying a Divine command, without which it would cease to be."—J. A. Froude.

"We learn to recognize a mere blunting of the conscience in that incapacity for indignation which is not to be confounded with the gentleness of charity, or the reserve of humility."—Amiel.

"One of the most powerful tribunals ever set up in the world is public opinion; and next to the direct and positive legislation under which we live, it exercises the greatest control over the principles and conduct of men, whatever their rank or station."—George Fisk.

THE PULPIT AND PUBLIC MORALS

CHRIST came into the world that men might have life, and have it abundantly. Such also is the mission of His followers, and especially of those clothed with the office and set apart to the work of the ministry. They are to be life-bringers; not of their own life, but of the life that is in the Christ. They are to aid men to apprehend this Person in their own lives, to make Him consciously real, and to lead the new life out into the servantship of holy helpfulness where man's good is the supreme good, and the supreme good is godliness. In order to effect this relationship, the pulpit is the voice to declare the conditions whereby it may be established, and these are revealed in the Scriptures. For this purpose the pulpit was instituted, and there is nothing else to do the work.

The faithful pulpit has a twofold message. With all urgency and wisdom it will present the Christian invitation of salvation. The beauties of righteousness and the call of love will persuade many. But with the Gospel of mercy there must go the testi-

mony against sin. Multitudes feel no interest in a city of refuge until they are conscious of the presence of a pursuing avenger. World redemption includes Calvary plus Sinai; if love be unavailing, law must terrify. More pleasant to us is the Gospel than the law; for law condemns, smites, scourges, stings. Therefore from those to whom it is a terror come protests against the pulpit when it declares the law concerning public wrong and sinners in high places. The minister is advised to keep within his Church and save the sinners there, and the congregations are admonished to demand a tender gospel and to have no man who preaches otherwise, lest the Church should suffer loss of funds and sweet attractiveness. Thus do law-breakers and liquor journals advise, with an assurance and persistency which seems to suggest that when they depart wisdom will also have died.

But who may separate things into sacred and secular, granting to some the wholesome influence of the Church and forbidding it to others? Shall men not so work and study, eat, drink, and vote, as well as pray, that God's kingdom be promoted? Evil should be cast from the body social as well as from the individual. Its corruption is a contagion which poisons the morally debilitated man, and for his sake

sinful public nuisances should be abated. There is a real goodness which is meek and peaceful; there is a goodness just as good which flames, burns, and consumes. Jesus Himself condemned the man with two coats who complacently looked upon his brother who had none. He smote with indignation those who gave themselves to trifles and forgot the weightier matters of the law; and it was He who, with crashing word, warned wicked cities of impending woe. Ere the Book is closed there is an admonition to that person who will add to, or substract from, the message so much as one jot or tittle.

State and Church alike complete their work in the upbuilding of mankind. The duty of the State, so far acknowledged, ends in giving man his fullest temporal blessings; but these are not possible unless they comprehend the very elements of righteousness. The threads in the web of life run from birth to eternity, and no perfect fabric can be woven without taking thought of that portion of the pattern seen by faith alone. Church and State are partners to help each other save the world; either can destroy the efficiency of the other, or together they can give to man a help which makes it vastlier easy to be good. Public morals become private morals in their beginning and their end; and every man

not dead to hope must crave a State whose civic life will bless him in his private life. Somewhere the individual sins when any nation rots, and no one frees himself from guilt by pleading his absorption in the public. The sin we do by two and two, we pay for one by one, says Kipling. The pulpit should make every man know it.

If the pulpit may not speak of public wrong, what shall plead for justice, for the weak, for purer laws, and holier manhood? Fifty years ago it feared to speak, and a million men marched South to meet a million marching North. The public press will not suffice to take its place, for saving truth is God's truth learned at family altar, in the Sunday-school, and Church; and those who would declare must first receive. Secular education is not enough, for high-born principle is heaven's principle not created or discovered by the brain of man. All come from God, and man, if left alone, would lose himself amidst the follies of his wisdom. The Book of law and love must be proclaimed; the pulpit is its voice, the Church its hearer, and the world its field.

Work and Its Test

"EVERY man's work shall be made manifest."—1 Cor. iii, 13.

"It sweetens every bit of work to think that I am doing it in humble, far-off, yet real imitation of Jesus." —Prentiss.

"Through ages, through eternity, what you have *done for God,* that, and only that, *you are.* Deeds never die."—Robertson.

"Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work, and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world, the idle man."—Carlyle.

"And yet the doing is ours, not His. He inspired it, we wrought it out. He quickened, but we brought forth. His the heart beat, but ours the hand stroke; His the influence, ours the effluence."—Lorimer.

"Man must work. . . . There is no work so rude, that he may not exalt it; there is no work so impassive, that he may not breathe a soul into it; there is no work so dull, that he may not enliven it."—Henry Giles.

"Truly at the day of judgment we shall not be examined as to what we have read, but as to what we have done; not as to how well we have spoken, but as to how religiously we have lived."—Thomas à Kempis.

Work and Its Test

To-morrow morning the world will commence an activity to which it has been a stranger during the night and Sabbath-day. Whistles will sound, wheels will turn, and men will make themselves a part of the great machine which is to support the race for another twenty-four hours. Stores will be opened and exchange promoted; professional men will turn to books and papers, teachers and students will assemble to give and to receive; the whirr and din and toil will continue until night closes the scene for a time of rest and sleep. Some will be toiling for the immediate gain, some for wife and little ones at home, some will be wooed by visions of honor, and some will give themselves for the good of the greater fraternity of men. No one knows the heart within another heart, and few would recognize the real motive of his own endeavor. But motive is important, for it colors every work, gives nerve to hand or makes it nerveless, is the spring of pean in the soul or threnody.

A genius presides over motives, naming some as good and some as bad. It says that to labor for the

bread of honest toil is noble, but to be driven like a beast by the hard compulsion of physical or civil law is shameful. It tells us that the attractions of purely personal ambitions are pernicious, but to be ambitious for the welfare of others is holy. It declares that to sacrifice for another is lofty, but if that sacrifice be prompted by the expectation of promotion and honor it is tainted with the poison-breath. A man in starting out upon an enterprise will do himself fine service if he but insist on knowing the true reason for it.

Another spirit sits in judgment over the busy world to consider the results of human endeavor. It tests the work to see if it will abide; and its standard is that of truth, consistence, and experience. No good workman fears the judgment, no faithful student cringes before the teacher, no upright citizen is apprehensive of the law. A man is not ignorant of what he is doing; he need not wait until the last day in order to know whether he is to go to the right hand or the left. Heaven or hell is in the man long before the final judgment. To do work that the world needs to have done, and to do it honestly, bravely, joyously, is to abide any test which time, or fire, or hate of men can bring.

None may make a mockery of foundations; an invisible God sees to it that they are profoundly respected. If the builder can not secure a firm base, he stops. He knows that nothing safe can be reared upon what is insecure. Athletes are not chosen from the weak, crooked, and diseased, for the body is the base of physical strength. Teachers, writers, and jurists are not recruited from asylums for the insane, for the mind is the source of intellectual power. Great souls, pure, honest, and reverent, are not found in the careless, sensual, and unbelieving, for Christ is the foundation of character.

It is the meanest infidelity which says, "Business is business and religion is religion." Religion ought to be business and business ought to be religion. You can not divide duty by days as you divide a house into rooms. As well might the debtor say to the creditor on Monday that honesty is for the Sabbath, integrity for the Church, and truth for the Bible. A farmer does not plow straight furrows one day in the week, and for five days make them crooked. A carpenter does not hang the front door perfectly, and fasten the others with props. He is a poor sort of husband who loves his wife no more than one-seventh of the time. Religion is simply the extension

of consistent every-day principles into the entire realm of life; the Bible is a further exposition of truth, whose universal application in the world of matter no one questions.

Every well-founded material structure must rest in the close embrace of the earth. This common foundation for all does not signify that the superstructures are to be the same. We may build what we please: a church, warehouse, store, dwelling. Every life that is to endure has likewise a common foundation: all must be based upon a Christlike character. This does not require that all lives should therefore manifest themselves in the same way. The foundation secure, the individuality is respected which makes the farmer, teacher, preacher, or mechanic. But whatever a man does must be done courageously, honestly, industriously. God Himself can not save poor work or the wicked worker.

Hedges and Serpents.

"WHOSO breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him."—Eccl. x, 8.

"As soon as man has learned what the will of God is in respect to law, he forgets it. That is to say, he has put the law in himself, so that it is registered there and set to perform its own work."—Beecher.

"What we have to recognize is that each of us carries within himself his own executioner, his demon, his hell, in his sins; that his sin is his idol, and that this idol, which seduces the desire of his heart, is his curse."—Amiel.

"The system of rewards and punishments in the Book of Nature has led mankind to go down into the depths and up into the heights, to discover the laws of nature, and has impressed upon every reasonable mind the importance of a right scientific creed."—Neil.

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And in worse times the wretched prize itself
Buys out the Law. But 't is not so above;
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
E'en to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence." —Shakespeare.

Hedges and Serpents

Man is the great anarchist. The stars have their courses, the sun rises and sets obedient to a law outside himself. The earth has a prescribed orbit, and all that are upon it, rocks, plants, animals, follow the behests of a higher rule. In the material realm man is forced into a saving obedience; for matter has a swift judgment for the rebellious, penalty is close upon the track of outlawry, and no one is permitted to hope that the day of reckoning is postponed forever. But in the courts of mind and spirit there is more of guilt. Though one never studied until the brain grew weary, he yet thinks himself possessed of great intellect. And if to the spirit there has been brought meagerest food for the spirit, he still believes that he is fortified as a martyr. When time intervenes between transgression and retribution, their intimate and necessary connection may be forgotten, but it remains true that law has a penalty, that behind broken hedges are serpents that hiss and sting.

God has placed boundaries to all things; to remain within these limits is to be in the conditions

of success, to overpass them is to enter the field of the biting serpent. Heaven's law is not given to annoy, but to protect and bless. Every happiness is conditioned by a limitation. Joy is midway between want and excess. The body, if overworked, is destroyed faster than it is built up; if unduly pampered, it becomes soft and emasculated. The untutored mind suffers from ignorance; the overburdened brain produces insomnia and insanity. "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" are bordering hedges along that highway which is best to follow. The way may grow rough and weary, vistas of beauty allure on either side, but a man must not break through the prohibition or the day will fall upon him when he feels the fiery venom of the serpent in his veins.

We are children to be shielded and guarded everywhere. Protecting hedges surround us in home, in school, in business, in all civil, social, and religious relations. Within that circle are triumphs; beyond are heart-breakings and defeats. The wisdom of the ages, aye the love of God, has marked these limits for our good. Accept them, and we are within that medium where highest life is possible, where the powers of heaven and earth conspire to serve us. But let the laws of home be violated, disobey civil and social requirements, override the decrees of religion,

and an army of penalties seeks to drive us back within our proper sphere.

While we speak of the beneficence of these guarding principles, there comes the thought that false and unworthy customs and institutions are sometimes surrounded by similar protections,—man-made hedges and principles falsely interpreted. There is always work for the sanely courageous Christian iconoclast, for the one who will break through and uproot the hedge around that which is evil and outworn. There was need for a Gregory to hurl such ponderous anathemas at sin in high places as to make the very thrones of iniquity quake and fall. There was need for a Luther to break the hedge of ceremonialism and to declare that "the just shall live by faith." There was need for a Wesley to speak for a Christian experience which would acutally change men's lives. There was, and is, need for a Salvation Army to rebuke the apathy and indifference of Protestantism, calling every Christian to become the saving ally of the world's unfortunates.

There is still need for other voices, crying in the wilderness, Repent! We search for the mighty ones who shall break the hedge surrounding tax evasion, and compel the social conscience to brand as liar

and thief the man who makes a false return. The agony of ten million hearts cries in ten million daily prayers for power to destroy the hedge around the curse of civilization and make the saloon no more than an awful memory of an awful age. There are eager, yearning looks for him who shall pronounce that hedges surrounding purity are to limit men as well as women, and that the serpent of punishment shall sting the one as fiercely as the other.

Whether the hedge protects what is wholesome or what is pernicious, "whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall sting." The friend of the race who tears away the defense of iniquity will suffer, but in that suffering he will be sustained. The angels of a good conscience, of self-respect, even of heaven itself, will come and minister unto him. Patiently, obedience is to be given to all wise and just restrictions, though they seem to be extreme; fearlessly, we are to tear down the hedge around every evil institution which makes it harder for a man to live the wholesome, rugged, righteous life.

"The Man With the Hoe"

and stings. The "man with the hoe" is more than one man; he is a representative of the uncounted numbers who have never found their heritage of human kingliness. He stands not simply for those who are poor in this world's goods, but for all who have no soul-life, no hope, no aspiration, for those who have lost themselves in the earthiness of earth. He is a type of those who, by choice or compulsion of circumstances, have so identified themselves with things that can be seen and felt and tasted that they themselves have parted with the royal attributes of manhood. He represents those who have indifferently or with deliberation squandered their high birthright of capacity and desire for goodness, truth, and beauty. He is the lawfully begotten child of a gross materialism which shuts out thought-ideals and God. He is the brother of Cain; he is Cain: the neglected brother, and the brother who neglects.

This man with the hoe is the banker who loses his life among discounts, interests, and exchanges. He is the merchant whose real self is swallowed up in silk and calico and iron and oil. He is the farmer whose total thought and dream concern his corn and hay and stock. He is the man who toils for nothing better than to eat and drink. He is Esau with a pottage-god; he is Esau's brother who compels

the bargain. Yes, Christ saw this man with his crown of clay; saw him in the degraded and satisfied poor, in the hard Philistine, in the proud Pharisee, in the one who enlarged his barns, even in the rich young ruler who turned sorrowfully, but turned, from the saving truth. Christ's single mission was to save them by relating them to the life from above. And the perfect work of His followers is to help those who are outcast from their true and highest selves. In His parable of the sheep and goats, He hinged destiny on the doing or the not doing of just this. Hunger, nakedness, affliction, imprisonment, are to be genuinely relieved. Men who suffer for what money will procure are to have this need supplied; and those who are bound by ignorance and superstition, by lust for flesh and gold, are to be rescued by the inflow of mind and spirit.

Hunger does not always come from lack of bread. One may be free from locks and bars, yet still in prison. A man may be sick and have no trace of ache or pain. There is a heart-hunger, a bondage of bigotry, and a sickness of the soul; and he alone becomes a saint who satisfies them. But to him who answers not the uttered or unexpressed cry of these unfortunates, who has heeded no prayer, who has lighted no lamp within the brain, kindled no hope

within the soul, the verdict of everlasting punishment seems not only terrible, but just.

None can give what he does not have, nor can he see the unseen want unless he have the eye of loving tenderness. Let a patriot stand in the rude house where Grant was born. The humble place is not mere roof and walls; it is the manger-cradle of heroism and loyalty. Memory comes laden with treasures which make the spot a sanctuary and the home of patriotism. But it has no meaning to the alien, no message for the traitor, no heart-throb for indifferent curiosity. A traitor to the higher kingdom sees not the life of spirit and discerns no want where it is not. The scholarly can perceive ignorance, and one who loves his fellows will behold their miseries. In the presence of the learned we come to knowledge; in the presence of the Son of man we come to be man's brother.

The River of Life

"EVERY thing shall live whither the river cometh." —Ezek. xlvii, 9.

"Life alone can rekindle life. What others claim from us is not our thirst and hunger, but our bread and our gourd."—Amiel.

"Give me the cross of Christ; for this is the only lever which has ever turned the world upside down hitherto and made men forsake their sins."—Bishop Ryle.

"There is more of power to sanctify, elevate, strengthen, and cheer in the word Jesus (Jehovah-Savior) than in all the utterances of man since the world began."—Charles Hodge.

"Religion is not a method, it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits, a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows."—Amiel.

"The life of Christ concerns Him who, being the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hands the gates of empire off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."—J. P. Richter.

The River of Life

The nineteenth century has passed into history; but for what will it especially be remembered? Preference disposes men to emphasize the thought which has most engaged them. The scientist whispers, evolution; the inventor tells of wondrous appliances; the reformer mentions the rise of socialism; the statesman thinks of imperialism or The Hague Tribunal; and Professor Moulton affirms that the crown of the age is University Extension. These are great achievements, and one may well consider them before passing judgment; but to my mind the greatness of the century is included in Christendom's conscious endeavor to return to the Christ of the Gospels. For who are these achievers of any lasting good but men who have caught some vision of the larger life and are translating it into the vernacular of practice? All true progress is Christian progress, and all real advancement is summed up in the principles revealed by Jesus.

What will a man give in exchange for his life? In the whole world there is nothing of profounder moment than one's own personal life. Tell him all

you please about absorption in the Over-Soul, or being lost in the Infinite, or his return to the Pure Ego, and he can make nothing out of it. It is this life that interests him,—this life with its mingled sorrow and tragedy, its joy and longings; this life with its mothers and fathers, its courtships, lovings, marriages, homes, and holy graves. This life with its happiness and pain is his life, a feeble thing, but his own. It is this that he clings to and wants to make greater and more satisfying. The nineteenth century caught the lost vision of the way to realize the larger and sufficient life, and set about earnestly to obtain it. For what is the meaning of work and agony, of sacrifice and striving without the promise that fuller self-realization stands at the goal? Existence is the great unanswered riddle unless there be enlarging life before it. We are learning to seek that life by a return to the Source of life.

Until near the close of the century there was a dominant note of doubt as to the practical value of Christ as a Life-giver. That doubt was once cautious, then became dogmatic and sarcastic; but to-day, sober and reverent, it returns from the far country to its Father's house. Equivocate as he will, man stands face to face with the fact that he has never been able to discover or invent a satisfactory substitute

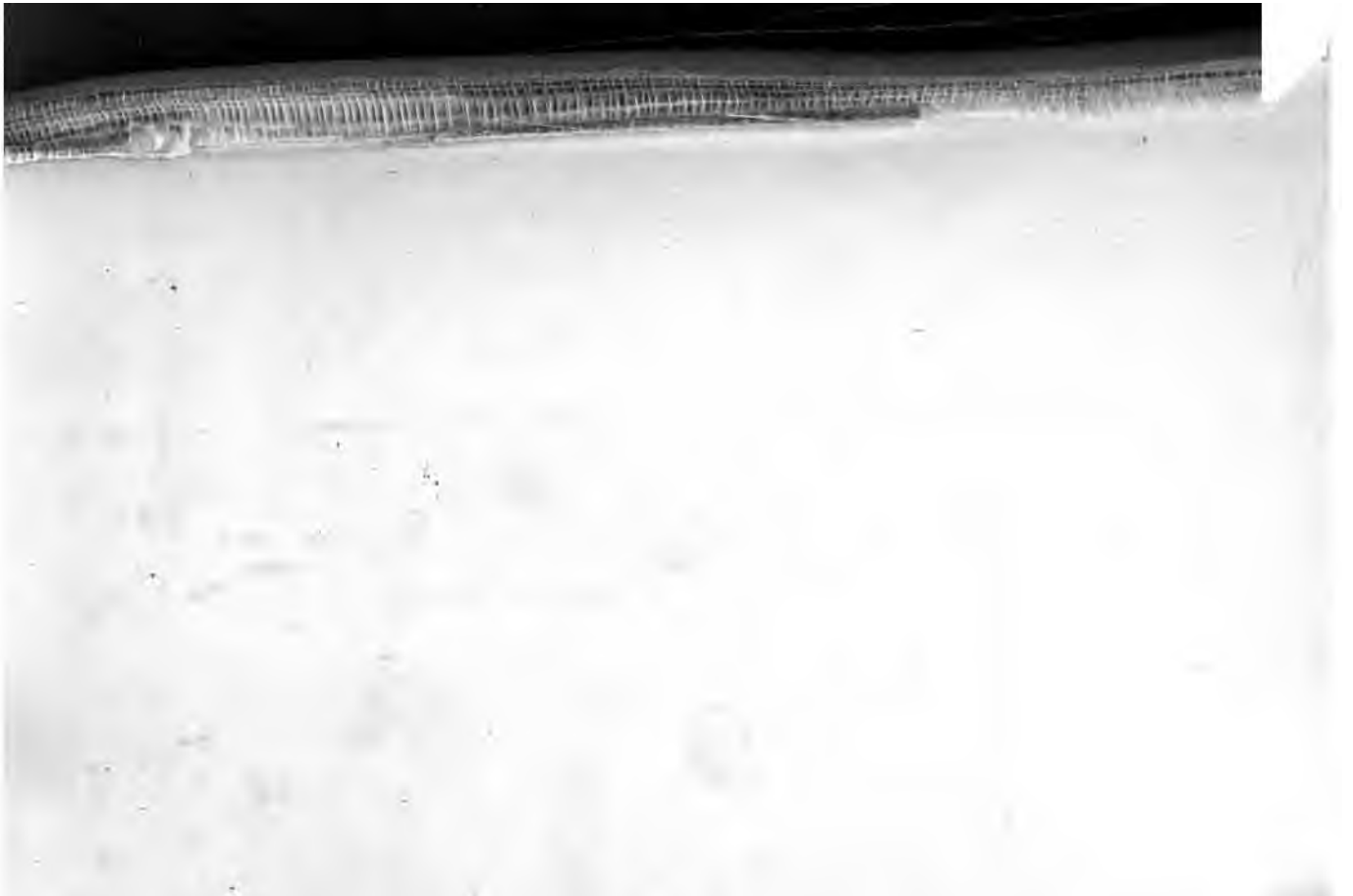
for the original message of Jesus. He has hammered it, the hammer breaks and the anvil stands. He has sought to improve it, and has discarded the improvement. He has turned from it sarcastically, and has returned in reverence. He has run the full scale of his possibilities; philosophies have proposed, theologies affirmed, and creeds declared; but none of these gave him the life he sought, for they have shown themselves inefficient in their own chosen fields.

The condition of life is unity, correspondence, relationship; and the opposite produces death. We clearly see how this is true in a physical sense. Break up the unity of the body, destroy harmony among the functions, and life diminishes until it ends. Interrupt the unity of the household, let parents misunderstand, children disagree, and the home-life ceases. Divide a nation, bring in sectional strife, introduce discordant elements, and national strength passes away. What is true physically and socially is true spiritually. When the powers of the soul are warring, when foul passion is opposed to purity, falsehood to truth, deformity to beauty, selfishness to benevolence, the forces of spiritual life are squandered, and the end is soul-death. Everything declares that the source of discord is sin, and experience as well as revelation affirms that to escape sin requires a vital union with the Sinless.

God's life must reach down and touch man's life, and the life of all the good must feed it.

There is a communion of spirit and, as that communion enlarges, life increases; as it improves in quality, life becomes better. About both of these we are much concerned; and it is here that the Gospel enters to tell of a perfect relationship with One who seeks His brethren, calling them by name to come into His life and to abide with Him in the Father's house. See how life completes itself in a perfect relationship: A hundred million human beings exist in Central China, and the larger life of the Western World does not influence them. To them we are as dead; but pierce the heart of the nation with railroad and telegraph, let living messages fly back and forth, build schools and churches, and the larger life will become their life by virtue of the union. Nearly two centuries ago a man was born in Switzerland who had much to say about universal education and human rights. One of Pestalozzi's books fell into the hands of Washington, and so divorced the patriot from his aristocracy that he became the greatest democrat of the Revolution. Mr. Weems wrote a life of Washington which was read by a Western rail-splitter before the light of an open cabin fire; and what Abraham Lincoln said about liberty was still the voice of Pestalozzi.

It is the contagion of life,—a principle that holds,—higher life touching the lower and transforming it. "Every thing shall live whither the river cometh." All civilization declares, not only that there is an infinite energy from which all effects proceed, but an eternal Personal Force from which comes all progress. And that Personal Force is the life of God interpreted for man by the incarnation of Jesus Christ. . . . A man's greatest possession is his life, and it is conditioned by its relationships. We have found that no earth-born kinship will satisfy, but that a vital union with the Son alone will be sufficient. To the life-giving river of His truth the world is turning, for He hath spoken it. We can trust Him. We are not left alone. The world is not dead, a charnel-house with only evil spirits, but Christlike and our Father's.



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